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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review*

VERY few people, in this country or elsewhere, will share Sir John Simon's satisfaction with Mr. Hirota's reply to his "friendly inquiries." The Japanese Government have not repudiated the impudent statement of their Foreign Office "spokesman." They have not repudiated the glosses put on the statement by their diplomats abroad. They have merely hedged. Japan, we are assured, adheres to the principle of the "open door" in China (and what in all the circumstances is that assurance worth?), and she will continue to observe the provisions of the Nine Power Treaty. But the provisions of the Nine Power Treaty are in patent contradiction with the spirit, and even on fundamental points with the letter, of the "spokesman's" statement. It is absurd to say that the "incident is now closed." Such a pretence may suit Downing Street or the *Daily Mail*; it does not delude the Americans or anyone else whose eyes are open. The incident is, in fact, merely shelved—temporarily and insecurely shelved. The widespread resentment it has aroused may perhaps prove a warning to the Japanese. But ceaseless vigilance—and indeed something more positive than that—will be needed on the part of the Western Powers if Japanese ambitions are to be kept in check. What we should like to see is an honest and concerted policy of strengthening China, however distasteful that may be to Japan.

May Day in Europe

May Day was expected to produce some disturbances in more than one European capital. But it passed off on the whole with remarkable tranquillity. There were scuffles with the police in Paris and a complete traffic holiday in Madrid. Moscow, of course, had its usual imposing parade of the Soviet forces in the Red Square. Vienna was *en fête* to celebrate the birthday of the new Fascist constitution of Austria, and Berlin was full of processions that culminated in a monster meeting to listen to Hitlerian oratory. There seems to have been nothing of special note in the Führer's speech, except the passage which explained to a rather surprised populace why the Communist emblem of the hammer and sickle was appearing among the swastikas in the streets. The explanation was quite simple—this emblem was really German; it had been stolen by the Jewish Internationalists, but the Nazis meant to bring it back! There was a more sinister incident in Bavaria, where a big wooden concert hall at Augsburg was burnt down in the early hours. There is no evidence that this was not an accident; but needless to say the Nazi authorities immediately raised the cry of arson. The Bavarian

Minister of the Interior attributes the crime either to the Reds or to the Blacks—the Roman Catholics—and a reward of 10,000 marks is offered for the discovery of the hypothetical villains.

The New Austrian State

The new Austrian Constitution was rushed through the Rump Parliament last Monday. There was no debate; all the Socialists were, of course, excluded, and the only voices raised in protest against the whole business were those of the two Pan-German members. Austria now becomes a "Christian, German and Federal State on a corporative basis." The Government will exercise its dictatorship with the assistance of four representative bodies (the Council of State, the Cultural Council, the Federal Economic Council and the Provincial Council) and a sort of parliament, the Federal Diet, composed of members chosen from those four bodies. The Diet will discuss and approve or reject measures submitted to it by the Government; the Councils will have purely advisory functions. The President of the State (it is no longer called a Republic—an ominous omission, as some think) is elected by the burgomasters for a term of seven years, and is re-eligible. He will appoint and dismiss the Chancellor at his discretion, and other Ministers on the proposal and with the countersignature of the Chancellor. He is also entrusted with important emergency powers. The citizens are guaranteed their personal and religious liberties, subject to various reservations. Those of them who are over twenty-four may even occasionally vote in—though they may not initiate—a referendum, if the Government decides to submit any project to the popular judgment. This ingenious tyranny is considered by its draftsmen to keep all that is worth keeping of democracy. Whether the "corporations," when they are established, will make that boast look less absurd remains to be seen.

Another Spanish Government

Spain has got through its latest political crisis—the sixth in seven months—without much trouble. It was a crisis which seemed to a great many people to have been quite unnecessarily provoked by the action of the President over the Amnesty Law. If he thought it dangerous to the Republic, as he might well do, he could have returned it to the Cortes. Actually, after a great deal of hesitation he signed it, and at the same time proclaimed his doubts and objections. The result was—again after some not easily explicable pottering about—the resignation of Señor Lerroux, and the formation of a new Government (containing practically all the old Ministers), under Señor Samper, late Minister of Industry. Señor Samper appears to have got assurances of Radical support; that of the Right parties will depend on his policy leaning definitely their way. To the Left he is an inveterate enemy. In all the circumstances, he and his Government, pinned between the steadily growing power of the reactionaries and the angry and revolutionary-tempered Socialists, can only expect a brief and uncomfortable spell of office. Indeed, any half-hearted Republican moderate is certain to be impotent in the struggle of these two massed forces which dominates Spanish politics to-day and must come to an issue before long.

The Investor and the Native

A good deal of the rise in rubber prices had occurred in anticipation of the new restriction scheme; now that it has been accepted there has been a further rise both in prices and in shares. The scheme is not likely to be a fiasco like the Stevenson scheme, which fixed the price far too high, raised prices temporarily to an exorbitant extent only to bump them down again. Bitter complaints came on that occasion from the United States, by far the largest consumer. The present scheme, moreover, applies to the whole industry and not, as the Stevenson scheme did, only to Malaya, with the result of greatly increasing production in the unrestricted areas, particularly, of course, in the Dutch Indies, where British as well as Dutch and native producers developed a hugely increased output. The new agreement institutes a general quota system, except for French Indo-China, for which the French have successfully insisted on special treatment. South and Central America are not included; but their output is relatively small and prices are not expected to reach a level which will encourage any large expansion in that quarter by American interests.

* * *

Nothing definite is yet known about the way in which the restriction is to be carried out. What, in particular, is to be the position of the native producer under the scheme? Most newspaper reports scarcely refer to the native producer, though native production, apart from illicit native tapping on the plantations, is an important factor in the industry. How is the quota to be applied to the native producer and what guarantee has he of a square deal? The only hints so far are not reassuring. The Dutch, who already complain of native "unrest," are now reported to have promised more vigorous policing of the plantations, a heavy export tax on their legitimate product, and, indeed, to be willing, in the interests of rubber shareholders, "to take any necessary steps" to put a stop to the troublesome habits of the native, who persists in wanting to make a living for himself somehow or other out of the soil of a country in which he was unwise enough to be born.

The Unemployment Fund's Debt

Mr. Chamberlain can hardly expect that anyone will be satisfied by his concessions in the matter of the Unemployment Fund. He has agreed to lower the rate of interest payable by the Fund to the Treasury from 3½ to 3⅛ per cent., and to reduce the rate of capital repayment from £5,500,000 to £5,000,000 a year. He has not agreed to assume any part of the debt as a Treasury obligation, or to apply any part of his Budget surplus to reducing its amount. Interest at 3⅛ per cent. is still about what the Treasury is paying for medium-term, to say nothing of short-term, borrowings; and the position is that future insured workers will have to pay off over a long period of years a debt which the Treasury should never have allowed to arise, because a far larger part of the cost of maintaining the unemployed ought to have been assumed at an earlier stage directly by the State. Mr. Chamberlain did indeed hold out a prospect of decreased contributions in the future; but with the debt still to be paid contributions can be lowered only at the expense of the benefits that

could otherwise be afforded. The unemployed, the employed, and the employers will all say "Thank you for nothing" to the Chancellor for his latest act of financial pedantry.

Sir Hilton Young on Housing

Sir Hilton Young, in his speech at the opening of the Halifax Building Society's new offices in London, took abundant credit for the expansion in private building activity during the past year. In the six months ending with March about 140,000 new houses had been built, or 27,000 more than in the previous six months, and of these 110,000 had been built by private enterprise without subsidy. So far, so good; undoubtedly the fall in long-term interest rates has enabled private building to expand, with most desirable effects in stimulating increased industrial activity, and this expansion has counteracted the deflationary effects of withdrawing the Government housing subsidy. Our quarrel with the Minister of Health begins when he goes on to assert that the great majority of the new houses are either working-class houses or release older houses for working-class occupation. We can find no evidence at all that the demand for houses to rent at prices within the means of the average wage-earner is being met. The change in the size of the typical family is swelling the demand for houses; and the new dwellings are mostly being occupied by households above the normal wage-earning level, without releasing cheaper houses which ordinary workers are able to rent. It is true that the Halifax Building Society announces that it has set aside £10,000,000 for advances on houses for renting; but we see no sign that this scheme of enlisting the Building Societies is likely to produce, in view of the financial terms of the offer, houses at rents within the means of the small wage-earner. Housing as an industry is admittedly doing well; housing as a public service is very far from coming up to Sir Hilton Young's self-congratulatory claims.

A Municipal Bank for London?

It will be interesting to see what Parliament does with the London County Council's proposal to establish a municipal bank. Birmingham has had such a bank for many years, to the mutual advantage of the individual citizens and of the municipality. But, in addition to the hostility which the proposal to establish more municipal banks arouses on the ground that it is Socialism, there are powerful vested interests up in arms against the plan. The joint stock banks, which like lending the municipalities money at interest, and want to preserve their monopoly of deposit banking, are against it. So are the brokers and others who make a good thing out of municipal loans, the building societies and savings banks, which want no fresh rival competing for small savings deposits, and the insurance companies. London cannot set up a bank, even to finance its own operations, without getting parliamentary powers; but it will have to face a host of opponents before it can hope to get them. Yet there is no case at all, except the case of the vested interests, against municipal banks, which can save the councils money and also serve as exceedingly useful thrift agencies for the general body of citizens. If it were not for the vested interests, everyone would be acclaiming London's project as an excellent stroke of business and a most praiseworthy encouragement to thrift.

The Betting Bill in the Lords

The Betting Bill, which passed its second reading in the House of Lords on Tuesday, has so far had a pretty smooth passage. The Government base their measure on the general principle of the Royal Commission, that gambling, unless held severely in check, results in grave social mischief. Though there is force in that argument, the Bill is a congeries of compromises which expose it to serious attack—alike from moralists and libertarians. We ourselves are not greyhound fans; but we find it difficult to justify the discrimination between the dogs and the horses—the sport of labourers and the sport of kings. We think there are better ways of maintaining hospitals than by the Irish Sweepstake; but is a general prohibition of lotteries really necessary for the protection of the morals and the pockets of the British public? Nor do the guessing competitions in the newspapers, even if they are foolish, seem to be a grave social evil. Does not, in fact, ninety-nine hundredths of the harm that comes from gambling come from street and house betting? And what does this Bill do to lessen that?

Dirty Work on a Duke

At the moment, however, the public appears more interested in the case of the Duke of Atholl than in the wrath to come. The Duke, at the time when his famous summons was pending, was visited in Scotland by policemen, emissaries of no less a person than the Public Instructor; and these policemen, he declares, made very improper suggestions as to how he should meet the charge against him—they asked him, in fact, to plead guilty *pro bono publico* on the assurance that it would be at the trifling cost of £25 or so to himself. "No, no!" says the Attorney General in the House of Commons, "this is quite untrue." Then, if the Duke is such a thundering liar, ask some M.P.s, what about prosecuting him for perjury? But the Duke sticks to his guns, and repeats his allegations in the House of Lords. Whose, then, is the inexactitude—his nobs' or his nibs' or the sleuths'? On that question each of us may have his own opinion. But do any of us really want £25, or 25*d.*, spent out of the taxes on an official inquiry to prove us right or wrong?

We may be pretty sure, however, that had this episode occurred under a Government of a different complexion, the whole Tory press, instead of treating it as a joke, would have been clamouring for heads on a charger.

NEXT WEEK'S LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The issue of May 12th will contain a story by Margaret Evans and articles by Logan Pearsall Smith and Wyndham Lewis. Other contributors will include H. N. Brailsford, Constant Lambert, Kingsley Martin, Raymond Postgate, H. E. Bates, Flora Grierson, Peter Quennell, and Francis Birrell.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MIDDLE CLASS

POLITICS are developing according to schedule. National Government has done its job competently. It has served the interest of British capitalism by avoiding imaginative changes and steering a quiet middle course, well suited to the immediate exigencies of England's economic position. It was natural for it to put up that fine old Free Trade Liberal, Mr. Runciman, the hero of the Post Office Savings ramp and one of the chief architects of its fortunes, to name under seventeen headings the blessings brought by its Protectionist and economy policy. Mr. Runciman is entitled to his laurels. But the natural result of any restoration of confidence is to destroy the Government which restored it. Believing that trade is on the up-grade and that the crisis is past, the constituent elements of the National Government tend to fall apart, and Sir Thomas Inskip's proposal to weld National Conservatives, National Liberals and National Labour into a permanent National Party meets with a cold reception. Capitalist groups are prepared to sink their differences when they are frightened; anything in the nature of recovery sends them off into different camps. They will join again at a moment's notice if they can be persuaded that union is the only safeguard against loss of dividends, whether as a result of another economic crisis or of a threat to socialise industry.

Mr. Baldwin and the *Times*, therefore, represent a majority of "national" opinion when they urge the advantages of maintaining party labels, co-operating when possible in the constituencies and ruling by coalition. But "arrangements" are not easy to maintain in the constituencies and the result may well be a Parliament composed of shifting groups, producing an instability fatal to democratic government. It is true that if we have Beaverbrook candidates, Fascists, Baldwinites, Simonites and Liberals fighting one another in the constituencies, Labour, which profits in any case by the swing of the pendulum, may become the strongest party. But to gain an absolute majority and therefore effectively to restore the two-party system, Labour would have to win many more middle class and agricultural constituencies than now seems in the least probable. The present prospect is that the next Election will produce a situation like that in 1929, confronting Labour with the unenviable choice of refusing to take office as a minority Government or of doing so at the cost of a compromise fatal to its own unity—a situation in which its best course is probably to take office and introduce an important Socialist measure on which it can at once appeal to the country if it is defeated. In any case the drift is towards an uneasy balance of parties similar to that in Germany under Brüning or even towards the group system which has made Parliament so ineffective for many years in France. The result in either case is to increase scepticism about Parliament and about politicians. We may as well face the fact—reflected in the low percentage in the polls at by-elections—that this scepticism about the present political system is already common, not only amongst Left-wing Socialists and Fascists, but also among civil servants, among men and women on buses and trams, indeed among people of all sorts whose interest in the antiquated procedure of Parliament is not a vested interest. This scepticism has commonly been one of the most important factors in preparing the ground for Fascism.

Is this development inevitable? Not if we understand the situation. All political thinking to-day must be based on the recognition that the class grouping of society has shifted. It has long been obvious that the aristocratic landed class and the business and industrial class have for political purposes become a single class—which is the basic reason for the decline of Liberalism. But the result is not, as Marxists have often suggested, a clear cut division between capitalist on the one side and proletariat on the other. While the development of mass production has weakened the Trade Unions by causing large-scale unemployment and increasing the demand for unskilled as against skilled workmen, the managerial class and the technicians and the clerical workers have increased both in numbers and in importance. It is these groups which supplied Hitler with his keenest and most useful followers, and if to-day they are disappointed with the results of the Revolution in Germany, they are powerless to say so. In any economic crisis in which the new middle class suffers like the working-class from unemployment, it becomes revolutionary, and, according to the leadership offered to it, is capable of being either on the side of Fascism or of Socialism. It is this situation which makes Mr. Cole's new book an event of real political importance.* He provides a careful and up-to-date analysis of the class situation in England to-day. Marxists will argue about the accuracy of his interpretation of Marx. Let them. The importance of Mr. Cole's book lies not in its discussion of Marx, but in the light it throws on the present situation, which Marx, prescient in many things, could not possibly have foreseen in detail.

The plain fact is that there is a new middle-class which is not satisfied with the existing order. It differs from our established rulers in being highly critical of the management and distribution of wealth and in being quite uninterested in maintaining the existing parliamentary and party system. Being to some extent a propertied class, it commonly, in a crisis, prefers the capitalist side to the proletarian. But it need not necessarily do so, and it is already convinced that important changes, particularly monetary changes, are essential. It is to this class that schemes of planning and of monetary reform chiefly appeal. Capitalism, as we see it to-day, is morally and economically shocking to everyone who does not do very well out of it, and the facts of unemployment and undernourishment on the one side and great wealth and great destruction of goods on the other are no longer defensible or defended. The broad truth, long emphasised by progressive economists, that there is a ludicrous and disastrous disproportion between production and consumers' capacity to buy what is produced is indisputable, and methods of bridging this discrepancy are invented almost weekly by currency reformers. We have counted two hundred such simple "Open Sesames" within the last twelve months.† Frequently they contain a very large measure of truth, and it is noticeable that the *Times*, that bulwark of currency orthodoxy as of all other orthodoxies, has at length opened its columns to a lengthy correspondence on currency which has not even excluded the followers of Major Douglas. For our own part we have

* *What Marx Really Meant*. By G. D. H. Cole. (Gollancz. 5s.)

† One of the most lively and interesting of recent books on this subject is *Promise to Pay*, by R. McNair Wilson. (Routledge. 3s. 6d.)

always recognised the validity of much of the critical analysis of Major Douglas and of other currency reformers, and agree that in some form or other Society must succeed, if it is to avoid complete disaster, in maintaining a stable relationship between productive and consuming capacity. But to regard this desirable object as possible within the existing framework of capitalism is, we believe, demonstrably erroneous, and the more intelligent currency reformers are, in private if not in public, ready to agree that monetary reform is part of a necessary social revolution, not a panacea in itself. In short you have here a large, influential, because politically minded, class, vehemently critical of present capitalism, in part at least socialistic in its attitude, but at present unconvinced that the present Labour party is likely to be the efficient instrument of the changes which it advocates. It wants a scientific organisation of industry and an assurance, which it may fairly be given, that it is not to be treated as the technician was at first treated in Russia, but, on the contrary, given more opportunity and importance in a Socialist State than it can have under capitalism. To-day this class needs intelligent leadership; it is not at present Fascist, since it has no interest in the jingo-imperialism, the violence or the self-display of Fascism. But it is potentially revolutionary and anxious for a more intelligent economic system. It is easily misled by Fascism's all-embracing appeal, since it fails to realise that the Fascist Corporate State must mean in practice not a mere scientific distribution of wealth, but a greater restriction of production in the interests of the monopolies which control the corporations.

It follows that Socialist policy to-day must be directed to a large section of middle-class as well as to working-class opinion. But the way to do this is not, as official Labour seems often to imagine, to water down its policy in a quite vain endeavour to avoid giving offence. The divergence between Socialists and that part of the propertied class which wishes to keep things as they are now is fundamental and unbridgeable. To turn the Socialist appeal into a mild and compromising affair is to prefer to frighten one's friends rather than one's opponents. This was the fatal defect of MacDonaldism. No Socialist should desire to "create confidence" in the City. He should aim at creating confidence amongst the immense mass of people both in the working and middle class who wait for leadership which looks capable of carrying out its policy once it assumes office. And a considered measure of parliamentary reform is an indispensable ingredient in any such programme. A Reform Bill is as necessary to-day as it was in 1832. The problem then was to provide the new industrial class with an instrument by which it could clear away the mediaeval lumber which retarded industry and prevented at innumerable points the use of scientific knowledge for the creation of wealth and the improvement of public health and happiness. In the same way to-day it is no longer possible to work through a parliamentary system primarily designed to prevent the Executive interfering with the institution of property. The days of *laisser faire* are over and property is again the enemy of science. That is not to say that Parliament should be swept out of existence as it has been in effect in Fascist countries. That will only occur if we fail to reform its procedure and retain the ludicrous incumbrance of the House of Lords. It is the old story of "reform that you may preserve." Without an intelligent proposal for parliamentary reform the Labour Party has not the least chance of convincing anyone beyond its regular members that it can accomplish the scientific reorganisation of industry which it is pledged to carry out. Similarly, if it wishes to appeal to the potentially revolutionary class it must not only advocate the nationalisation of the banking system, but also show that it has a clear idea of what it wishes to do with that system and with monetary problems generally when it is in a position to deal with them. With the problem of monetary policy we hope shortly to deal in a series of articles in this paper. For the moment we are concerned to urge that Social Democracy will fail here as Social Democracy failed in Germany if it takes a stand-pat view of the Constitution, if, in trying to avoid offending those who are in any case its opponents, it fails to appeal to that great body of middle-class as well as proletarian opinion which is to-day not in the least afraid of the prospect of far-reaching social change.

MR. ROOSEVELT UNDER FIRE

THE President has returned from his much-needed vacation to be acclaimed on his arrival by an unprecedented gathering of Senators and Congressmen at the railroad station to cheer him. But no amount of enthusiasm for him personally can conceal the fact that he faces a crisis second only to that of the banking disaster when he took office, perhaps even more far-reaching. There is an insistent demand, just voiced by the Democratic Governor Ely, of Massachusetts, that he tell the country where he is going. Much of this comes from Republican sources which are less concerned with the President's announcing a definite policy than with their efforts to embarrass him. But undeniably many friendly Senators feel that the time has come for him to make the great decision as to whether he is going Left or Right. Among those who most earnestly desire a clear-cut orientation are also many of his warmest friends and admirers, who feel that the situation of the Administration has been considerably jeopardised of late, especially during the President's absence.

In other words, we are seeing another phase of the long struggle between the Government and the entrenched forces of big business and special privilege. The President compelled them to draw up codes and to sign them. They did this unwillingly, and many of them have flagrantly defied him since, despite the fact that they solemnly appended their signatures to those codes and agreed to abide by them. Now they say that they never had the slightest intention of accepting Section 7A of the Recovery Act, which confers the power of collective bargaining and binds the employers to deal with any representatives the workers may select to represent them. The manufacturers are not only opposed to collective bargaining; they declare that if they live up to their plighted word it will mean the turning over of their industries to the control of the American Federation of Labour. At a recent conference of manufacturers lasting several days, and held in complete privacy, they found that they could agree on only one thing, and that was their determination to oppose the unionisation of their plants by the Federation of Labour, that is, of those plants not yet so unionised. The weakness of the Government has been in its inability to enforce the codes. This has led to open defiance on the part of manufacturers, and to numerous strikes due to the workers' belief that their employers were not living up to the code.

The worst happening was, however, the compromise settlement in the motor industry, which prevented a most dangerous strike that would have closed down every automobile plant. I am reliably informed that the President, who worked out the settlement after three exhausting days which tried his

strength to the uttermost, found that he had been placed in a bad situation by the tactical errors of his subordinates. It is also stated that the manufacturers openly defied him to use the power granted to him in the Recovery Act to license the corporations, one of the leading manufacturers saying to him that if he proposed to license his company the President was welcome to have it; the President could take it and run it, for he would not. The outcome was far more serious than people realise. Not only did the motor magnates come out of the White House conference as radiantly happy as a cat which has just swallowed a canary, but their victory immediately heartened enormously the reactionary forces in Congress and in the business world. The results of this have been plain. Thus, the radical Securities Act, patterned after the British Act, has been emasculated; the drastic Bill to regulate the stock exchanges has been modified to such an extent that Wall Street is vastly happier—it has brought enormous pressure to bear upon Congress—and this in the face of the fact that just before his departure the President had declared that he would not be satisfied with anything less than "a Bill with teeth in it." The teeth at this writing have been extracted, though not painlessly. The Tugwell Bill, to give us honest and decent drugs and cosmetics, has similarly been so changed that its author can hardly recognise it. And the House Banking Committee has favourably reported the McLeod Bill providing full Federal reimbursement of depositors in closed banks, although the President had served notice before his departure that he would veto the measure if it ever reached the White House. Again, the Congress has gone beyond the President's wishes in the matter of income-tax rates and has gone directly counter to his expressed wish by putting on tariffs against certain Philippine products, which Mr. Roosevelt said would jeopardise the value and success of the Bill bestowing independence upon the Filipinos in ten years.

These are not all of the evidences of revolt which have heartened the President's opponents. They are sufficient to show that if the President does not crack the whip he will lose entire control of the situation, certainly so far as the administration of the Recovery Act is concerned. The New Deal, in other words, is at stake. If big business is allowed, as our slang has it, "to get away with it," the President will either have to submit and go to the Right, or admit failure. This is the time for him to rally the people to his support, to use to the uttermost his tremendous personal power and unprecedented popularity, or to aquiesce in the failure of a large part of his programme. That his personal popularity has not yet waned is demonstrated by the extraordinary outcome of the Illinois primary just held. For the first time since the primary election was established the Democratic vote largely outnumbered the Republican. Indeed, it was actually possible for Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior to unhorse a sitting Republican Congressman by one letter in which he declared that that Congressman would do better playing polo and other games at home than by opposing the President in Washington. I can add my own testimony at this point, for I have recently completed a journey of 8,000 miles to the Pacific coast and return. In addressing some forty-five audiences and talking with many politicians and journalists, I found that fully 90 per cent. of the plain people are behind the President, although many of them are in deep poverty and have seen the last of their savings vanish during the first year of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency. Even the President's blunder in the matter of the air mail contracts, cleverly exploited by the opposition and rendered tragic by a number of deaths of flying officers, has not shaken their faith in him, nor has the mustering out of nearly five million of Civil Works Administration employees who were paid out of Federal funds from October 1st last to April 1st.

But I found that a potent reason for this unprecedented confidence in the Chief Executive was based upon the belief that at last we have a President who dominates and controls big business. If the President fails to do this, and the public comes to realise it, the disillusionment will be bitter to a degree. If in addition the present acute suffering continues in many portions of the country, despite increased wages in many industries, a tremendous improvement in railroad traffic, in the sales of the automobile, the chemical and other industries, the largely increased production in the iron and steel trades, the result will be so serious as to arouse genuine apprehension. Everything depends, therefore, upon the President's decision. Will he remove General Johnson as head of the Recovery Administration, as he is being urged to do by many of his warmest supporters, even though he has voluntarily decentralised his power and distributed it among four other executives? Will he take up the gauntlet flung down by the masters and side unqualifiedly with the workers? Will he insist upon the licensing provision—despite the fact that General Johnson has declared that he is no longer for it—or will he abandon it? These are but a few of the vital questions which confront the President. It is not too much to say that the fate of his Administration hangs upon the answers, and so, too, does the immediate economic future of the country. Shall we find him still the independent, fearless, and determined Executive of 1933, or shall we see a return to the middle-of-the-road policies of the same man when he was Governor of New York?

Perhaps some of these questions may be answered before this article appears in print. But the English observer must look behind the actual decisions, and so must we. The President has been extraordinarily deft in bringing about compromises and preventing open breaks between the various parties to the controversies. He is superhumanly clever at this sort of thing. Yet it is hard to see how he can much longer refrain from clarifying his position once and for all. The Congressional elections are but six months away. Just what definite things are his genuine Democratic supports in Congress to promise to their constituents?

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

EDUCATION AND CIVILISATION

ANY serious educational theory must consist of two parts—a conception of the ends of life, and a science of psychological dynamics, i.e., of the laws of mental change. Two men who differ as to the ends of life cannot hope to agree about education. The educational machine, throughout Western civilisation, is dominated by two ethical theories—that of Christianity, and that of nationalism. These two, when taken seriously, are incompatible, as is becoming evident in Germany. For my part, I hold that, where they differ, Christianity is preferable, but, where they agree, both are mistaken. The conception which I should substitute as the purpose of education is civilisation, a term which, as I mean it, has a definition which is partly individual, partly social. It consists, in the individual, of both intellectual and moral qualities—intellectually, a certain minimum of general knowledge, technical skill in one's own profession, and a habit of forming opinions on evidence; morally, of impartiality, kindliness, and a modicum of self-control. I should add a quality which is neither moral nor intellectual, but perhaps physiological—zest and joy of life. In communities, civilisation demands respect for law, justice as between man and man, purposes not involving permanent injury to any section of the human race, and intelligent adaptation of means to ends.

If these are to be the purposes of education, it is a question for the science of psychology to consider what can be done towards realising them and, in particular, what degree of freedom is likely to prove most effective.

On the question of freedom in education there are at present three main schools of thought, deriving partly from differences as to ends and partly from differences in psychological theory. There are those who say that children should be completely free, however bad they may be; there are those who say they should be completely subject to authority, however good they may be; and there are those who say they should be free,

but in spite of freedom they should be always good. This last party is larger than it has any logical right to be; children, like adults, will not all be virtuous if they are all free. The belief that liberty will ensure moral perfection is a relic of Rousseauism, and would not survive a study of animals and babies. Those who hold this belief think that education should have no positive purpose, but should merely offer an environment suitable for spontaneous development. I cannot agree with this school, which seems to me too individualistic and unduly indifferent to the importance of knowledge. We live in communities which require co-operation, and it would be Utopian to expect all the necessary co-operation to result from spontaneous impulse. The existence of a large population on a limited area is only possible owing to science and technique; education must, therefore, hand on the necessary minimum of these. The educators who allow most freedom are men whose success depends upon a degree of benevolence, self-control, and trained intelligence which can hardly be generated where every impulse is left unchecked; their merits, therefore, are not likely to be perpetuated if their methods are undiluted. Education, viewed from a social standpoint, must be something more positive than a mere opportunity for growth. It must, of course, provide this, but it must also provide a mental and moral equipment which children cannot acquire entirely for themselves.

The arguments in favour of a great degree of freedom in education are derived not from man's natural goodness but from the effects of authority, both on those who suffer it and on those who exercise it. Those who are subject to authority become either submissive or rebellious, and each attitude has its drawbacks.

The submissive lose initiative, both in thought and action; moreover, the anger generated by the feeling of being thwarted tends to find an outlet in bullying those who are weaker. That is why tyrannical institutions are self-perpetuating; what a man has suffered from his father he inflicts upon his son, and the humiliations which he remembers having endured at his public school he passes on to "natives" when he becomes an empire-builder. Thus, an unduly authoritative education turns the pupils into timid tyrants, incapable of either claiming or tolerating originality in word or deed. The effect upon the educators is even worse; they tend to become sadistic disciplinarians, glad to inspire terror, and content to inspire nothing else. As these men represent knowledge, the pupils acquire a horror of knowledge which, among the English upper class, is supposed to be part of human nature, but is really part of the well-grounded hatred of the authoritarian pedagogue.

Rebels, on the other hand, though they may be necessary, can hardly be just to what exists. Moreover, there are many ways of rebelling and only a small minority of these are wise. Galileo was a rebel and was wise; believers in the flat-earth theory are equally rebels, but are foolish. There is a great danger in the tendency to suppose that opposition to authority is essentially meritorious and that unconventional opinions are bound to be correct; no useful purpose is served by smashing lamp-posts or maintaining Shakespeare to be no poet. Yet this excessive rebelliousness is often the effect that too much authority has on spirited pupils. And when rebels become educators, they sometimes encourage defiance in their pupils, for whom at the same time they are trying to produce a perfect environment, although these two aims are scarcely compatible.

What is wanted is neither submissiveness nor rebellion, but good nature and general friendliness both to people and to new ideas. These qualities are due in part to physical causes, to which old-fashioned educators paid too little attention; but they are due still more to freedom from the feeling of baffled impotence which arises when vital impulses are thwarted. If the young are to grow into friendly adults, it is necessary, in most cases, that they should feel their environment friendly. This requires that there should be a certain sympathy with the child's important desires, and not merely an attempt to use him for some abstract end such as the glory of God or the greatness of one's country. And, in teaching, every attempt should be made to cause the pupil to feel that it is worth his while to know what is being taught—at least when this is true. When the pupil co-operates willingly, he learns twice as fast and with half the fatigue. All these are valid reasons for a very great degree of freedom.

It is easy, however, to carry the argument too far. It is not desirable that children, in avoiding the vices of the slave, should acquire those of the aristocrat. Consideration for others, not only in great matters, but also in little everyday things, is an essential element in civilisation, without which social life would be intolerable. I am not thinking of mere forms of politeness, such as saying "please" and "thank you"; formal manners are most fully developed among barbarians, and diminish with every advance in culture. I am thinking rather of willingness to take a due share of necessary work and to be obliging in small ways that save trouble on the balance. Sanity itself is a form of politeness, and it is not desirable to give a child a sense of omnipotence, or a belief that adults exist only to minister to the pleasures of the young. And those who disapprove of the existence of the idle rich are hardly consistent if they bring up their children without any sense that work is necessary, and without the habits that make continuous application possible.

There is another consideration to which some advocates of freedom attach too little importance. In a community of children which is left without adult interference there is a tyranny of the stronger, which is likely to be far more brutal than most adult tyranny. If two children of two or three years old are left to play together, they will, after a few fights, discover which is bound to be the victor, and the other will then become a slave. Where the number of children is larger, one or two acquire complete mastery, and the others have far less liberty than they would have if the adults interfered to protect the weaker and less pugnacious. Consideration for others does not, with most children, arise spontaneously, but has to be taught, and can hardly be taught except by the exercise of authority. This is perhaps the most important argument against the abdication of the adults.

I do not think that educators have yet solved the problem of combining the desirable forms of freedom with the necessary minimum of moral training. The right solution, it must be admitted, is often made impossible by parents before the child is brought to an enlightened school. Just as psycho-analysts, from their clinical experience, conclude that we are all mad, so the authorities in modern schools, from their contact with pupils whose parents have made them unmanageable, are disposed to conclude that all children are "difficult" and all parents utterly foolish. Children who have been driven wild by parental tyranny (which often takes the form of solicitous affection) may require a longer or shorter period of complete liberty before they can view any adult without suspicion. But children who have been sensibly handled at home can bear to be checked in minor ways, so long as they feel that they are being helped in the ways that they themselves regard as important. Adults who like children, and are not reduced to a condition of nervous exhaustion by their company, can achieve a great deal in the way of discipline without ceasing to be regarded with friendly feelings by their pupils.

I think modern educational theorists are inclined to attach too much importance to the negative virtue of not interfering with children, and too little to the positive merit of enjoying their company. If you have the sort of liking for children that many people have for horses or dogs, they will be apt to respond to your suggestions, and to accept prohibitions, perhaps with some good-humoured grumbling, but without resentment. It is no use to have the sort of liking that consists in regarding them as a field for valuable social endeavour, or—what amounts to the same thing—as an outlet for power-impulses. No child will be grateful for an interest in him that springs from the thought that he will have a vote to be secured for your party or a body to be sacrificed to king and country. The desirable sort of interest is that which consists

in spontaneous pleasure in the presence of children, without any ulterior purpose. Teachers who have this quality will seldom need to interfere with children's freedom, but will be able to do so, when necessary, without causing psychological damage.

Unfortunately, it is utterly impossible for overworked teachers to preserve an instinctive liking for children; they are bound to come to feel towards them as the proverbial confectioner's apprentice does towards macaroons. I do not think that education ought to be anyone's whole profession; it should be undertaken for at most two hours a day by people whose remaining hours are spent away from children. The society of the young is fatiguing, especially when strict discipline is avoided. Fatigue, in the end, produces irritation, which is likely to express itself somehow, whatever theories the harassed teacher may have taught himself or herself to believe. The necessary friendliness cannot be preserved by self-control alone. But where it exists, it should be unnecessary to have rules in advance as to how "naughty" children are to be treated, since impulse is likely to lead to the right decision, and almost any decision will be right if the child feels that you like him. No rules, however wise, are a substitute for affection and tact.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

A LONDON DIARY

A C.P.R. official told a friend of mine with whom he was dining the other day that that railway still owed Trotsky the sum of $2.50 outstanding to him from the pre-revolutionary days when he worked in Canada. I do not know if Trotsky has any other similar debts due to him—he also worked as a tram mechanic in Brookland—but I do not imagine the total of such assets would do much to help him in his present difficulty. Where is he to live? Is there really any good reason for refusing to allow him asylum in the Channel Islands or in this country? He would be an entertaining guest, contribute no doubt to the Sunday press and, in view of his difficulty of finding anywhere else to go, certain, I should think, to keep any undertakings demanded of him not to indulge in "political activity." Indeed, seeing that the Communists regard him as an enemy, I do not see what his political activities could be.

* * *

Trotsky's position is only an individual example of an appalling problem. There are now about 63,000 German refugees, of whom about 3,000 are in this country and most of the rest in France and Czechoslovakia. They live very precariously on charity. In one recent case a neighbour found two whole families discussing joint suicide as the best way out, the alternative being suicide by returning to Germany. The problem has been discussed at this week's meeting of the Governing Body of the League Commission, and I understand that the High Commissioner, Mr. James MacDonald, has been strenuously pressed to produce some constructive scheme of group settlement. Many of the refugees are now being trained for agriculture, since they obviously cannot get work at their own jobs—there are some 8,000 doctors alone. But the job is to find a place of settlement. I suppose South America is the most likely.

* * *

The problem seems likely to be intensified in the near future. Looking for posts for S.A. men the Nazis are now in some cases going back farther than the grandparents in their search for non-Aryan blood. I see from the *Times* an ominous hint of an increase of anti-Semitism in Bavaria, where Herr Julius Streicher, the Franconian Nazi leader, has issued a special "Ritual Murder Number" of *Der Stürmer*, giving horrible and obviously apocryphal pictures and stories of "ritual murders" supposed to have been committed by Jews on women and children from 169 B.C. onwards. Now apropos of Nazi anti-Semitism I see that Dr. Fritz Randolph, an attaché in the German Embassy in London, told the Birmingham Rotary Club to "make allowance for the actions of some lunatics—actions that have nothing to do with the will or the official sanction of the Government." The word "official" is good. But what I want to ask Dr. Randolph in all seriousness is whether we are to take it that he means that men like Göring and Herr Streicher are lunatics working without the official sanction of the Nazi Government.

* * *

The effort made by organised capitalism to get rid of the plethora of good things that it will not allow us to consume is constantly frustrated by the resourcefulness of the individual capitalist. The ingenuity of the individual producer is always too much for the subtlety of the draftsman of regulations. Thus—I take two recent instances—the Georgian cotton grower accepts a subsidy from the Government as compensation for promising to plant twenty-five to forty per cent. less acreage. He then spends his money compensation on expensive fertilisers, and I'm told by a man who has just watched the cotton sowing for next year that, as a result of up-to-date methods and good fertilisers, next year's cotton crop is likely to be larger than ever. Similarly, the American farmer has slaughtered, for compensation, something like seven million young hogs—which sounds drastic enough to make a scarcity. But will it? My informant tells me that the farmers have not, as they were expected to do under the agreement, also slaughtered their sows. They are making every effort on the contrary to replenish the hog population, and it is expected that they will have succeeded in producing another glut in twelve months' time.

* * *

Talking of slaughter to raise prices, I read with some horror an account in the *Times* and other papers of hundreds of calves being slaughtered in Ireland with stones and hammers and being stripped of their hides, "some of them while still half dead." The story was investigated by a Dublin paper and pronounced false, and Dr. Ryan, Minister of Agriculture, gave an official statement to the press to the effect that there had been an increase in the number of animals killed, but that nothing had taken place to justify the newspaper stories. The *Times* printed a summary of Dr. Ryan's remarks, but said nothing more about the charge of cruelty which it had circulated. Other papers, which had even worse stories than the *Times*, vouchsafed, I think, no correction of any sort.

* * *

"Travel by Underground" is a slogan which even at the worst of times has but a limited and utilitarian appeal for Londoners in a hurry, and it is a pleasant change to find the booking hall of Charing Cross Underground station devoted to advertising the more thrilling, though hardly competitive, rival slogan of "Travel by Air." Imperial Airways has arranged in the limited space a charming little exhibition of photographs of air liners, air ports and aero engines which all travellers emerging at the embankment station will enjoy. Aero engines, particularly when dismantled, are perfect subjects for the photographer bitten with the modern romantic devotion to machinery. More beautiful is the big photograph of the flying boat *Scipio*, which by most fortunate focusing has caught the feeling of space which one has while flying. But the most amusing photograph is that of the building of *Scylla*, which, amidst a jumble of cranes and derricks under the open sky, presents the comic unexpectedness which one associates with the construction of the Trojan horse or of the Ark. It is sad, on examining a model of *Scylla*, to find that the lines of the fuselage, gravid with passengers and luggage, are not very attractive. The facial expression of the D. H. Dragon (*Diana* class)—that of a comic and aloof reptile—is one of the delights we owe to Mr. De Havilland, and the charming monster inspires one with the greatest confidence when flying in the air.

* * *

The Conway Hall Conference, convened by the Council for Civil Liberties to discuss the practical organisation of the

opposition to the Incitement to Disaffection Bill, was a remarkable and an encouraging success. For in the crowded audience there were representatives—most of them official—of more than forty organisations as diverse as the London Co-operative Society, the League of Nations Union, the Society of Friends, the National Peace Council, the I.L.P. and the National Unemployed Workers' Movement. A very striking demonstration of a "united front," at least on this issue. And these very divergent bodies were able to agree on the steps to be taken on a national scale to counter the Government's very crude attack on individual liberty. It was decided immediately to form committees drawn from all parties and denominations to work against the Bill in every constituency in the country, and to arrange for a great delegates' protest meeting and Conference to be held in London on May 23rd under the auspices of the Council for Civil Liberties. I understand that individuals or organisations who wish to help in the campaign may obtain information and leaflets (describing the Bill and the steps to be taken to counter it) from Mr. Ronald Kidd, Secretary of the Council, at 3 Dansey Place, Wardour St., W.1.

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Some reviewers of Liam O'Flaherty's *Shame the Devil*, I see, find those pages entertaining which tell the story of his writing *I Went to Russia* after a trip to the Soviet Union four years ago. I take this story to be one of the most extraordinary literary confessions of our time. Mr. O'Flaherty says:

> Probably the greatest folly of my life was the flippancy of my conduct during my visit to Russia, and the cruel mockery of the book which I wrote on my return.

He had seen Soviet Russia as a vast workshop, "where the civilisation of the future is being hammered out by the gigantic labour of heroic millions." He left the country, he tells us, in a state of "exalted enthusiasm," resolved that he would do everything in his power to excite, by speech and pen, all whom he could reach "to help in the task of winning over humanity to the Soviet cause." That was going a long way. He then states that the book he actually wrote was from the beginning "malicious and satirical" and ended as it began.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

America is amazed at the ingenuity of that other famous British film star, Mr. Leslie Howard. He has his tea served in Hollywood every day at four o'clock, Greenwich mean time.

To achieve this he carries two watches, one American, the other English time. When the London watch says four Arthur, Mr. H.'s coloured man, produces the teapot. This event occurs somewhere around noon.—*Daily Express.*

The Siamese are an equable people. When educated at Eton they become absolutely imperturbable. Our Royal visitor, the King of Siam, had no qualms about leaving his country so soon after the recent disturbances.—*Evening Standard.*

Professor Bay, a French astronomer, has just said that we could reach the moon in a rocket if it would reach a speed of 7½ miles a second. This would be faster than our fastest airplane.—*Evening Standard.*

"Like a lady's Caress" is a shave with the Ball Razor; something quite new; 12*s.* 6*d.* post free, with 12 superfine blades.—Advert.

The Blackshirt movement is not an army. It is not a political movement that expects to attain its ends by other than political means. *It has nothing whatever to do with Fascists* or Nazis.—*Evening News.*

The capitalist regime has the peculiar merit of inducing millions of men to set their minds on the best means of avoiding a loss of wealth.—*Times.*

Every day and all day the motor car park attendant at the Tudor House, Bearsted, Kent, is clad in glittering armour.—*Daily Herald.*

Miss Anne Palmer, daughter of Lord Wolmer, is one of those who do not waste their time. Like all her family she is interested in public works and has a tendency to sit on boards.

Being broadminded she takes an interest in all new phenomena and is at Somerville, the only non-sectarian women's college. Her speciality is zoology.

She may be recognised by her handbag which is almost as large as Lady Dufferin's.—Gossip column.

Jesus had a funny way of snapping a roll in half when he said grace.—The Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead, of Leeds. As reported by J. L. Hodson, in the *News-Chronicle.*

Is there anything more agonising than the shock to an untaught little mind upon discovering, probably by accident, what life is all about?—*Sunday paper.*

All the judges of the High Court adjourned an hour earlier yesterday for a conference with the Lord Chancellor (Lord Sankey), at the House of Lords on the question of expediting justice.

Lord Sankey's Committee was appointed at the end of 1932 to report whether greater expedition in the dispatch of the business or greater economy in the administration of justice could be effected. —*Daily paper.*

The Council's attention was drawn to this boy's gifts in 1924, and he was awarded a special scholarship.

Miss K. T. Wallas said she had heard that at the age of two the boy sang "I'm a poor little robin left out in the cold," with tears of pity pouring down his cheeks, and electrified the school.—*News-Chronicle.*

Oxford University authorities have decided to establish a bathing place on the river at "Mesopotamia."

Its use during Term is to be restricted to women and children, but during the Vacation it will be thrown open for mixed bathing, the only condition being that every man who goes must be accompanied by a woman.—*Morning Post.*

PINCHING

A NIGHTINGALE was singing from across the road on Monday morning while I was shaving. It is not a time of day at which I am in the mood to appreciate the song of the nightingale, and I went into no ecstasies over it. At the same time, it made the country seem even more idyllic than before—a place of innocent sounds and sights among which a man might live through the spring in innocent enjoyment.

When I went downstairs, I fell into talk with a woman who had for a time kept a small hotel or teashop in just such a place as this. I gathered from her that the beauties of Nature do not induce the spirit of innocency in all who visit these English Edens. A man apparently may walk all day along paths by the side of which peacock butterflies spread their wings in the sun on the snow of the blackthorn, and may yet remain no more innocent than the Artful Dodger. Even among country ramblers there is a percentage of thieves. She told me that she began by trying to make her teashop as nice as possible. She hung little treasures—not very valuable, but reminiscent of her travels abroad—on the walls, and some of these were quickly plucked down and carried off by her customers. She bought a dozen pairs of silver sugar-tongs and a dozen silver tea-strainers: at the end of six months there was only one of each left. She bought half a dozen copper ash-trays: five were stolen during the same period. Nor was thieving the only vice of her customers. They—or a proportion of them—were also possessed by the love of destruction. One evening, she had a party of young

gentlemen who called for tea and bacon and eggs: she left the room to fulfil the order, and, when she came back, she found that they had brought in all the flower-pots they could lay hands on in the garden and made an imitation garden in the tea-room, leaving her precious new carpet in a filthy mess.

Sir Thomas Beecham has just been calling the first-night audience at Covent Garden barbarians and savages, because a few—a very few—members of it talked during the overture to *Fidelio*, and, on one occasion, applauded in the wrong place. One can understand his exasperation, but it led him into exaggeration. Epithets such as he used should be reserved for offences more heinous than talk during music and inopportune hand-clapping. If you indict the human race too vehemently over little things, the danger is that you will have no phrases left to describe worse forms of misbehaviour. And it seems to me an infinitely worse form of misbehaviour to rob a few poor teashop-keepers than to talk during the overture to an opera. In practice the talk infuriates me more than the theft, but, when I have recovered my philosophy, I can see that stealing is the more reprehensible.

It may be argued that this stealing is largely innocent—that it is a mere branch of the sport of trophy hunting. And I have known many amiable youths who were addicted to this sport. They felt the day wasted if, after a visit to a hotel at the end of a football match, they returned home without at least a stolen spoon. Nothing in the hotel was safe from their mania for trophies, unless it was too big to carry away. The clock and the pictures and the flower-pots would have gone if they could have been fitted into pockets. There were youths, too, who when travelling in trains, felt unhappy unless they cut off the window straps and carried them off as trophies. Others went about in the shades of evening wrenching the knockers off doors. I knew a youth who had a collection of these which, if he still possesses them, he should send to the British Museum as an exhibit of some characteristic details of Victorian architecture. I was never a knocker-wrencher myself, my wrist-work not being sufficiently good and my fear of the police being excessive. I could not help sympathising with the exalted spirits of the ardent knocker-wrencher, however, and marvelling at his feats. There was one knocker, I remember—it was on the porch of an empty house in which my friends and I used to meet to talk in the evening—which had defied the efforts of the greatest knocker-wrenchers in the town, and I looked at it with a certain melancholy, thinking of all the brave men who had done their best with it and had failed to loosen it. It had a twisted, tortured air after its many struggles with the local Rochesters and one felt that it would be doing it a service to put it out of its pain. It was a good knocker, and deserved a place in a good collection of knockers.

It is difficult to decide the point at which trophy-hunting merges into stealing. Man is not naturally honest: he has a greedy eye for the possessions of other people; and, if he refrains from stealing them, it is in obedience not to his nature so much as to his training. The orchard-robbing boy is conscious of no guilt: it is only as he grows older that he learns to respect the taboo against appropriating what belongs to others. Yet how guilty he seems if it is one's own orchard that he robs, especially if there is only a little fruit in it and one has been watching it ripen with tender, if greedy, eyes. I remember once having a wonderful plum stolen from my garden. It was the only plum on the wall, and it was the most beautiful plum I had ever seen. Every morning every member of the household would go out for a look at it. The unspoken question of each was who was going to eat it when it finally became ripe. A little town-girl, who was spending a holiday in the house next door, settled that. One day she was seen disappearing hurriedly over the garden gate, and, after her disappearance, it was found that the nonpareil of plums was gone. What a monster of iniquity she seemed! One would not have minded her taking anything else in the garden, but there was a kind of malignant wickedness in eating one's only plum. I am sure, however, that she did not realise how wicked she was. The criminal, when young and unrepressed, has an easy conscience.

It is possible that the desire to steal survives in most of us during our lives, and reveals itself even in maturity when given an opportunity. Kleptomania is apparently common. There is scarcely a day passes without some perfectly respectable woman appearing in the dock as a result of having been unable to resist slipping some trifle into her handbag while strolling round a big shop. The ordinary human being, trained in obedience to a very strict code, is conscious of no such temptation. One could trust most of one's friends to walk through all the stores in London without pinching so much as a fountain-pen. The ordinary human being, indeed, is so habitually honest that, if he found a purse of gold in the street, he would inform the police about it. Who can tell, however, what price he is paying for the repression of the Autolycus side of his nature? Some honest men have a terribly melancholy look; if they were psycho-analysed, I feel certain that it would be discovered that they were suffering from suppressed dishonesty. Their natural self needs some release. How can this be contrived?

I sometimes think it would be a good thing to open a number of shops stored with cheap goods where a man would pay a small admission fee and be allowed to steal anything he could on condition that he did so without being caught. If he were caught, he would not only have to return the stolen goods but pay double their value. I remember how successful a stall at the Wembley Exhibition was where one paid sixpence and was allowed to destroy as much crockery as one could with two or three hard balls. Decent citizens who had never deliberately smashed so much as an egg-cup since their childhood glowed with unholy joy as they sent a water-jug crashing to its ruin with a well-aimed ball. The smashing of a vase brought a strange gleam into their eyes, and even the man whose ball hurtled straight into the bull's-eye of a dinner-plate had the air of a king acclaimed by his people. It was quite obvious that all these ball throwers were feeling an immeasurable happiness as a result of the release of their destructive instincts. They were enjoying a new and glorious freedom. Man is instinctively a destroyer as well as a creator, and we do not give him enough harmless opportunities for expressing his desire to destroy. As a consequence, we frequently find him giving expression to the destructive side of his nature in such dangerous spheres as politics, literature, and scandal. Would it not be better to have a booth of crockery at every street corner, and allow everybody to obtain relief for his destructive instincts for sixpence? In the same way, the institution of special shops for stealing would turn pinching into a sport and satisfy all those dishonest instincts which now express themselves at the expense of the keepers of teashops.

After all, this kind of theft is seldom due to need. Members of the upper and middle classes are more likely to steal the hotel sugar-tongs than any pauper. Much of the pleasure of doing so is probably the pleasure of successful cunning. To bring home a trophy—it is a debased form of the warrior's joy. Even among pinchers, however, there must be a minority in whom stealing becomes a perverted passion. They will steal the soap from hotel lavatories, rather than steal nothing; and the remains of a cake of soap can scarcely be dignified by the name of a trophy.

It is certainly an odd comment on the march of civilisation that pinching remains so common a habit. Human beings are, it seems to me, a kinder and a better-mannered race than they ever were, but apparently they still go on pinching. They have more amusements: they love the country more numerously, if not more deeply, than their fathers: they will travel miles in search of birds and flowers; but still they go on pinching. They have to a large extent ceased robbing birds' nests, but they go on robbing landladies. It is a savage amusement—perhaps one should say, an amusement worthier of a jackdaw than of a human being; and I wish Sir Thomas Beecham could stop it as easily as he stopped the talking during the opera.

Y. Y.

A MAD WORLD MY MASTERS

STRANGE how the shortest of vacations
Can sap and enervate the mind!
The broils of Ministers and nations,
The myriad war-cries of mankind,
All seem but vain and idle clatter
To one whose memory still retains
An impress of the things that matter
In old-world nooks where quiet reigns.

Dazed by the din, my reason totters
In wondering why Japan must take
Strong steps to save from Western plotters
The China she took steps to break.
The *Saturday Review* discloses
MacDonald in the Soviet's pay:
It must mean *something* one supposes—
'Tis all too much for me to-day.

Yet while the great world's monstrous babel
Finds me but half awake at most,
'Twas worth returning to be able
To read about the *Grüne Post*,
Suppressed, it seems, by General Göring
Because the editor confessed
Unworthy fears lest, rashly erring,
It might in future be suppressed.

MACFLECKNOE

THE CRESCENT IN CHINESE TURKESTAN

[The writer of this article has recently visited the theatre of war that he describes. He has, moreover, as an Afghan and a Moslem, a very special interest in, and knowledge of, men and affairs in that part of the world.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

ONLY a few weeks ago it was reported that the British Consulate at Kashgar, in Central Asia, had been attacked by Turki warriors, and that several members of the Consulate staff were wounded or killed during the fighting. Behind this news lie some very startling potentialities, which may have a bearing upon more than the neighbouring Asiatic empires; for beyond the Pamirs the destinies of a nation are in the melting pot, and the idea of creating a great Central Asian Confederacy has taken a definite shape there.

The events in Chinese Turkestan, too, are of poignant interest to the Moslems of India, and Turkey and Afghanistan and Bokhara, to say nothing of the other Tatar Republics in the Soviet Union. Many will see in these struggles the dawn of a new Moslem era, and the institution of another Islamic buffer State on the borders of India. They point to the close historical and cultural affinities of the British Moslems with their co-religionists in the disturbed Turkestan, and emphasise the fact that the area that stretches from Kashgar is situated on the very threshold of Kashmir, and is closely linked up by trade relations with the Punjab and the Afghan Frontier Province. Thus, it is believed, the time is ripe for detaching Eastern Turkestan from its loose connection with China, and creating there an independent Moslem state.

As to how this movement for a Central Asian Confederacy of Islam may be spread far and wide can be seen by noting the geographical outlets. Indiawards, it can pass by two roads. One is from Khotan via Gilgit and Chitral through Kashmir; the other lies by way of Kashgar, the Pamir passes, Afghanistan and the Khyber Pass, into India. Other outlets are towards the regions of Samarkand, and two lead to China. And it is China that is the obstacle. Apart from the Central Asian peoples, three other Powers are directly concerned with the outcome of this Moslem uprising. They are Russia, China and Great Britain. China, naturally, is principally involved at the moment, if only because reassertion of her authority over a province where her tenure has never been secure is seriously challenged.

The Chinese have no material to spare for a campaign in this region, because of their preoccupation with Japan. The Russians are immersed in their own affairs, and there is left therefore only Great Britain, who is unlikely to display any activity that might jeopardise her interests with her Moslem subjects. The field, accordingly, seems to be clear for a battle royal between the Chinese and the men of the Turki race in and around Kashgar.

But a just appreciation of the situation is impossible without a fuller exposition of the events which have brought about this great movement. The revolt in this territory in effect represents a Moslem turning from the feudal conditions of the Middle Ages, which the inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan now suffer under the Chinese rule. Of the 36,000,000 people in the 53,000,000 square miles which constitute the province, ninety per cent. are Moslems. The towns are surrounded with mud walls, the gates of which are shut at night. The houses are of a humble type, built of sun-baked clay. Cattle raising and sparsely cultivated patches provide living for the people. The cold in winter is intense, the temperature sometimes falling to forty degrees below freezing point. After a day under the scorching sun, I have often been nearly frozen to death at night. National education was progressing rapidly when I was there a short while ago. Whereas, twenty years since, I was told the entire adult population, like their Chinese neighbours, was addicted to the opium habit, I saw nobody, beyond one or two men in the "dens," using the drug now. Like the Mongols across the border, however, they suffer severely from the ravages of goitre—as many as eighty per cent. of the population being afflicted with this disfiguring disease. But above all one was amazed by the intense hatred of all things Chinese which the people showed at every turn, and the evidence of Moslem nationalism was unmistakable. It was not infrequent to see people spit on the ground after a Chinese official had crossed their path. The idea that the Chinese are not a clean people was an accepted notion with the faithful there.

Signs of trouble in the area were manifest prior to 1928. During the regime of the Chinese Emperors the governor of the Province was known as "Tuchun." After the institution of the Republic he was styled "Chusae," or President. The first President was one Yang Chun Shun, who occupied the position of secretary to the last governor under the Emperor. Working with the new President was one Mafu Shun. This official, a Moslem by religion, gradually rose to a position of ascendancy among his co-religionists, and excited the jealousy of the President, and one day he was arraigned, and summarily executed without trial. The Moslem population was greatly incensed, and sent a deputation to protest to Pekin against the action. The Government took no notice of it, with the result that the President found himself becoming more and more unpopular, till in 1928 he was shot dead when distributing prizes at a school. Yang Chun Shun's second-in-command was one Chun Shusan. On the sudden demise of his chief he was appointed President; and a thorough persecution of the Moslem population was started. He showed his hand in union with the rich land lords of Hami, which is the only fertile region of Turkestan.

In the time of the Emperors Hami was administered on the ancient feudal system. The entire area was divided into eight districts, over each of which was a Wang, or Moslem baron. The principal of the Wangs was the virtual ruler, and he tolerated no non-Moslem interference throughout the land of Hami. Around 1928, the principal Wang was an unscrupulous and unpopular gentleman named Shah Maqsud. His son, who succeeded him, was even more disliked by the people of Hami. They withheld payment of taxes, insisting on the young man's removal from the position of Wang. On that condition they agreed to pay the dues direct to the Treasury of the Chinese President.

Chun Shusan, the new President, saw in this agitation an

opportunity of displaying the heavy hand. He refused the demands of the people, and ordered the confiscation of the entire rich lands of Hami. Hami province revolted. The Chinese troopers were incarcerated, and the revolt extended to other provinces of Aksu, Ormuchi and to Kashgar. The various clans of Tinganis, Kirghiz, and Uzbek-Tatars joined forces, and the Chinese Government in that area ceased to exist, till eventually the governor was recalled by the order of Peking. But it was too late. The Chinese now only hold the part of the country north of Tian Shan.

The chief personage at the moment is Janib Beg, whose dramatic appearance at Kashgar with thousands of well-armed Kirghiz has given him a virtual dictatorship. To most of us, he seems to be that legendary type which robs the rich in order to feed the poor; but there is serious history in the man's career, for he once put up a strong opposition to the Bolsheviks, before he was overpowered by a larger number of Russian troops than U.S.S.R. could easily afford at the time, and he established an independent Republic of his countrymen styled Kirghistan on the north-east of Afghanistan. Then he was betrayed to the Russians and imprisoned; but, escaping to Khotan, he reorganised his men. Again ill-fortune attended him when he fell into Chinese hands and was imprisoned in the Taoyins Yamen. Later he was provided with a small State; but at the national call, which has now taken the battle-cry of Holy War, during the present trouble in Turkestan he emerged once again. Appearing at Yakand at the head of a hurriedly organised force, he attacked the Chinese, and has beaten them at every point so far.

But interested parties have succeeded in sowing dissensions amongst his Moslem clansmen, whose co-religionists in adjacent areas have been anxiously awaiting the moment when the Turkestan Mujahadeens will compose their differences and hold together, instead of splitting into fractions as they did in the revolt of 1873 when, under Mohamed Sulaiman, they attacked the Chinese capital. The result of that split was that a host of forty thousand men was routed by a handful of Chinese.

Meantime, the fighting continues, and it may spread at any moment north of Kashmir; for the Turki-speaking peoples are set on making an independent Moslem State beyond the Pamirs, which will drive a wedge between India, China and Russia.

IKBAL ALI SHAH

Correspondence

WINTER RELIEF IN GERMANY

SIR,—In your issue of April 28th your correspondent in Germany writes an enlightening article on "The Second Spring" of the Nazi Government. It is always refreshing to find that in spite of all the shrewd Nazi propaganda in Germany and abroad there still exist men and women who are able to see through all this propaganda stuff with the clear-sightedness shown in the article of your correspondent, which is at the same time unbiased and objective and very sceptical of the claimed successes of the Hitler Government. Nevertheless, there is one point where even your correspondent falls a victim to the Nazi propaganda, and that is in the point of the Winter Relief. He writes: "The organisation of Winter Relief in Germany was good in Brüning's days, but it would be ridiculous to belittle the enormous sum, 320 million marks, collected by whatever methods last winter."

The Nazis boast daily of their success in the Winter Relief, and at first sight 320 millions seems to be a very high sum. But this also is mainly only eye-wash. Under Brüning, and still more under the Governments before Brüning, Winter Relief was given to all in need, even on a higher scale than under Hitler, only the democratic Republic did not understand the value of publicity. At that time Winter Relief was granted by the communities and the federal States, and was not centralised in the Reich. No statistics were given showing the total sums allocated for Winter Relief. Even the local papers, in most cases, published only an insignificant notice on the back page giving the sum granted by their own local council. Nobody knew how much was given in the other towns, how much was granted by Federal Parliaments and by other public relief organisations. This lack of propaganda of the German democracy made it easy for Hitler to boast of his successes. What does 320 million marks during six months, from October to March, really mean? It is a sum of some 50 million marks a month. According to an article published by Dr. Kurt Werner, one of the leading officials of the Winter Relief organisation, in the January issue of the *Nationalsozialistischer Volksdienst*, 7 million people were assisted during that period by the Winter Relief. Together with their families there were about 16 to 19 million people assisted, that means for each person a monthly sum of 3 marks in money or kind, which is a negligible amount compared with those sums given to people in need in democratic times. 320 millions sounds a great deal, and therefore the Nazis always mention this figure. 3 marks a month per person is very little, and therefore the Nazis never mention this figure in public. Thus, even the Winter Relief is not the great achievement of the Nazi Government. It is, like most of the Nazi undertakings, nothing but a great bluff.

OTTO GABRIEL

THE DISAFFECTION BILL

SIR,—Am I right in supposing that Section 2 of the Incitement to Disaffection Bill threatens all printers and publishers with a new terror and a serious invasion of old-established rights of liberty? It would appear that under Section 2, Clause 2, any constable might obtain from a single Justice of the Peace authority to enter and search (if necessary by force) any printing or publishing office to ascertain whether "any act preparatory to the commission of an offence" was being committed.

What, then, will be the position of the printer who takes an order for producing books or pamphlets of a pacifist character, or the reissue of such a book as *Lay Down Your Arms*? Is not it feasible that such documents might be held—by constable and Justice—to be "of such nature that the dissemination of copies thereof" . . . would be an offence under the Act? And how can the printer hope to protect himself against arbitrary search and seizure?

Perhaps one of your readers, who is learned in the law, will explain whether or not this Bill does in fact gravely threaten the freedom of the printing-press.

GEORGE PEVERETT

National Adult School Union,
30 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

SIR,—Are you justified in asserting that we must destroy the Waterloo and Charing Cross bridges in order to "beautify" London? And this, presumably, is to be accomplished by putting in place of Rennie's sober work the pretentious and, in my opinion, vulgar design of which the *Times* recently published a drawing. You repeat, parrot-like, the usual cry about the ugliness of Charing Cross bridge. Have you ever, I wonder, seriously considered it? I have, from time to time for many decades, and although I am not going to pretend that it is a great work of art like Waterloo Bridge, it is at least a plain straightforward piece of engineering, and its bold rectangular forms and its massive columnar supports happen to compare well with its surroundings, whereas, speaking for myself, I find Westminster, Blackfriars and the Tower Bridges acutely distressing as designs.

I am perfectly ready to admit that practical necessities may be shown to override aesthetic considerations, and that we may be forced to destroy one more of the few remaining architectural beauties of London, but at least let us be a little modest about calling this beautifying London, and at least let us have a really open and free competition instead of hurrying off to the fashionable favourite of the moment for a design.

ROGER FRY

48 Bernard Street,
Russell Square, W.C.1.

THE JAPANESE CLAIM

SIR,—It is possible that the Japanese Government is not aware of the saying "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." It may be of interest to remind your readers of the paragraphs that appeared in the *Week-End Review* some eighteen months ago, which recorded the export of arms by the Creusot Co., and its connection with the Franco-Japanese Bank and certain members of the Government of the day.

Since Japan demands that any loans granted to China shall not be in payment for the importation of armaments, it is perhaps fair to ask whether the same principle shall not apply to Japan herself.

The moral to be drawn from such transactions is that the manufacture of armaments, and the control of their export should be in the hands of Governments, and be under international control. I believe that the German Government at Geneva some two or three years ago made a somewhat analogous proposal; to-day the German Government is prepared to agree to international inspection. The acceptance of such a proposal goes far towards the prevention of war. M. SIDNEY PARRY

8 Onslow Gardens, S.W.2.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO

SIR,—I am somewhat at a disadvantage in attempting to carry on a controversy with Mr. Ivor Montagu from a distance of six thousand miles. Perhaps Mr. Montagu considers the controversy closed when he states: "Documents are in my possession substantiating the principal statements challenged and actually inconsistent with several of Mr. Sinclair's assertions in controversion of them." But I cannot permit such a statement to pass unchallenged, and I hereby call upon Mr. Montagu to state what documents are in his possession which are inconsistent with any statement of mine. I particularly wish to know what documents Mr. Montagu has, because by this means I will be able to learn for the first time what is the source of the campaign of slander which has been carried on against me for the past two years all over the world.

Mr. Montagu is now so kind as to conclude that many of my misfortunes were due to my "innocence of the film business," and he cites first my "continued maintenance that 35 miles [of film] is extravagant." At the risk of boring your readers, let me repeat what Mr. Montagu is apparently unable to learn, that Eisenstein offered to make a simple travalog of primitive Mexican life, and signed a contract in which he agreed to finish it "in three or four months." He said the footage of film he would require would be about 75,000 feet. He stayed in Mexico fourteen months and received a total of 232,000 feet of film, and then had the most important episode of his whole work still unshot. I think that any reasonable human being will admit he exceeded his rights in this matter, and Mr. Montagu's attempts to justify him by citing the customary standards of Hollywood pictures is wholly beside the mark. Eisenstein did not ask, nor did we authorise him, to make a Hollywood picture. If he had even suggested such a proposal it would have been turned down, and that would have been the end of it. He knew perfectly well what our resources were, and he pledged his word as a man of honour and a friend, to conform to them.

Mr. Montagu further accuses me of "misunderstanding the difference between a film director and a film producer." The answer is that, whatever name you call it, whether director or producer, or a combination of both, Eisenstein was doing in Mexico exactly the same thing that he had done for half a dozen films in Russia. He himself stated that as one of his qualifications for undertaking the work. His friends stated it, and the Russian officials in New York stated it. The only person, so far as I know, who denies it is Mr. Montagu. UPTON SINCLAIR

Station a Pasadena, California.

[Mr. Montagu replies, as follows: One of the documents requested by Mr. Sinclair, a telegram with his signature, has since been published, in the *New Leader* of March 9th, 1934. The source material of the world-wide criticism directed against Mr. Sinclair in this matter consists not in such documents, which are not generally available, but partly in the statements circulated by him prior to completion of the film, partly in the prologue repeated by him prior to every one of its performances and, principally, in the film itself. Not Hollywood super-productions, but two ordinary programme pictures made last year, in a studio schedule with trained actors, for the infinitely more restricted (therefore, more economical) British market by the corporation with which I am associated used each more than 45 miles of raw film (excluding sound track). The assertion that at no time was approval given to the making of *Thunder over Mexico* as a full-length film is contradicted by an admission by Mr. Sinclair in the *New Leader* of April 13th, 1934. It remains a fact that, prior to association with Mr. Sinclair, Eisenstein had never produced a film in his life, nor been concerned in its costing, production or management, either in U.S.S.R. or elsewhere. He had also, by the way, not worked on as many as six films as director or in any other capacity, in U.S.S.R. or in all.

In conclusion, I wish to emphasise the point, in case it has become obscured, that anyone who has any knowledge of the circumstances, or who is acquainted with Eisenstein, his enthusiasm, his irresponsibility, his limitations as well as his genius, and has knowledge also of Mr. Sinclair's limitations, must understand and sympathise with both figures in the affair. The purpose of my contributions, not "now" only, but throughout, has been to show that Mr. Sinclair, by, let us suppose unconsciously reckless, attacks on Eisenstein's professional and political reputation, has been at pains to disguise from the layman the fact that his own technical ignorance accounted for the inevitability of the fiasco as much as any other factor. Material for a confirmatory judgment on this point is afforded no less by his letters than by my own.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MR. W. J. TURNER

SIR,—As your correspondent Mr. L. R. Thomas has written to tell you that he "foamed at the mouth" on reading Mr. Turner's article, it would seem unfair to Mr. Turner if someone who "leaped for joy" did not raise his voice.

Mr. Thomas's demands of an art critic, that he should define "art" and "artist" every time he writes about them, are surely immoderate and his letter reads as though it might have been written by one who, unable to appreciate either art or artists, suspects both, should they exist, of being fraudulent, and cannot suppress his irritation when a voice of authority proclaims their existence and their integrity.

I was delighted through Mr. Turner's article to find that there was still a responsible critic (as distinct from those who habitually refer to the most modest talent as "genius") who on discovering a new artist was prepared to burn upon the shore those boats that most critics keep so ably manned and ready upon the well-greased slipway for an immediate return, and to proclaim his faith at such horrible risks.

The nearer an achievement approaches the condition of art surely the nearer it approaches also a state of complete self-justification and self-explanation; so less and less can description and translation replace first-hand experience of it, so is there less and less to say about it. I really cannot see what the critic can profitably do about it except what Mr. Turner did; announce his conviction that someone is an "artist" or a work is "art." His readers should then be very grateful for the suggestion that here is something they might have missed that may give as great pleasure to themselves. I look forward to the pleasure of hearing Erdman, as, thanking Mr. Turner, I shall. WILLIAM TOWNSEND

River House, Bridge,
Canterbury.

INJUSTICE TO WOMEN

SIR,—May we crave space in which to draw attention to a grave economic injustice which is daily inflicted upon women; namely, that public urinal accommodation is not free to them as it is to men? And this is not all. We have compared notes recently and find that in many restaurants in both London and the provinces men receive free not only this service, but also hot water, soap, and a towel, whereas women, after payment of their entrance fee, are faced with an extra charge of at least twopence if they desire to wash.

In our view this is a preposterous distinction which has only been maintained (how it originated we do not know) because of the veil of secrecy with which we surround some of our more obvious responses to physiological stimuli. We hope therefore that by lifting the veil, which after all is very thin and is getting distinctly tattered, we may be instrumental in obtaining for women yet another of those benefits of civilisation which we all ought to share equally. CLARE HARVEY

Elmside, L. A. HARVEY

Honiton Clyst, Nr. Exeter.

NATIVE CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—I am sorry if I have misunderstood Dr. Mair, but my justification is that she writes, "It introduces an army and police force, organised, recruited, and rewarded on European lines, and, in most colonies, on a basis of conscription." So far as I am aware, this is true of no British colony or protectorate, and certainly not of Uganda. When I suggested that errors of detail might

have been avoided by reference to official publications, I naturally did not reflect on Dr. Mair's abilities as an anthropologist: I referred rather to details for which her unaided observation would have been insufficient, such details as dates and the number of livestock and so forth, which lie outside the possibility of transient estimation.

My objection to the use of the word *taro* was based on the fact that certain ethnologists are only too ready to find Oceanic influences in Africa and the adoption of an Oceanic term may leave an unfortunate impression. The word colocasia is well established in the African literature of exploration and anthropology, both popular and scientific, and has been in general use for the last fifty years. There seems little necessity to supersede it.

19 Dryden Chambers, J. H. DRIBERG
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Miscellany

"BRIDIE"

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have issued in one volume *Five Plays by "James Bridie"* (7s. 6d.) and, as they have attached to the cover a certain commendation of my own, I feel obliged to defend a line of praise which, taken in isolation, puts the dramatist very high indeed. It is worth noticing that Constable's were publishing the plays of this Scottish doctor long before anybody in England was paying him any attention. To Sir Barry Jackson belongs the credit of first finding him an English stage; he had been trying his hand before that in the Scottish theatres. In the last five years he has written a great deal in such leisure as remains free from his medical practice. After reading and seeing his plays I wish he were my doctor; there may, however, be some who, having experienced his therapies, refuse to see his plays.

His medical treatment, I conjecture, depends a good deal upon common sense. For he is a sceptic about science. Comedy, like tragedy, draws its most frequent themes from frustration and "Bridie" enjoys the spectacle of cocksureness overthrown. His men and women who know are always tripping over their vainglorious self-esteem. In his charming version of the Jonah story, that perky little prophet wins our hearts when he loses his nerve. "I shall never prophesy again. I have received a bitter truth. I am not in God's confidence. My whole life has given way beneath me. I thought I was a great prophet. Everything I did or said was on that understanding. And now I find I am nobody. What must He think of me? It is horrible to think that Jahveh may have a sense of humour." Again in *The Amazed Evangelist*, a one-act play which may be too puzzling to be popular, the dramatist delights in the confronting of the aggressive little Glasgow rationalist with spooks and goblins that might have danced round Macbeth at Forres. What is this something not ourselves which makes for unrighteousness? The question is not to be seriously answered within the span of twenty minutes' play-acting; but it is the kind of issue which "Bridie" likes to raise. That God moves in a mysterious way, His blunders to perform is fairly common theology nowadays, but the blundering need not always be located so high up. In *The Sleeping Clergyman* the assumptions of the eugenists are briskly challenged.

> *Marshall:* "In this year of grace, 1916, we'd be in a bonny pickle if we hadn't a few murderers to keep us from being bossed by a lot of brachycephalic, pot-bellied, doctrinaire North Germans."
>
> *Sir Douglas:* "Well, if that's what you think of our lads in the trenches. . . ."
>
> *Marshall:* "What sort of parents have they got? Any sort, damn it! And if you set them to a proper big job, all their inherited characteristics, all of them, bad and good, combine and sublimate, and you get something like heroism. Mankind aren't so bad, Douglas. What you and your eugenic friends should turn your minds to is breeding a type that'll find them something decent to do. . . . If you ask me what kind of characteristics you want for *that* type, I can't tell you. There's a certain kind of energy and—and vitality you'll find oftener in cripples and epileptics and poor bodies with chronic dyspepsia than you'll find in heavy-weight boxers and eupeptic stockbrokers and amateur policemen. But I think probably your best plan is to leave it to God Almighty. Whoever He is, He's got some notion of the principles of Biology, I find."

Jahveh in this case seems to have more than a sense of humour; he may even have a sense of what is wanted.

James Bridie derives from the Shavian as Shaw from the Ibensite theatre. His creation of Dr. Knox in *The Anatomist*, which is his best piece of theatrical craftsmanship, has a fine Shavian air of rudeness mingled with authority, impertinence with penetration. Knox can hold his own with Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne and others of the Shavian historical gallery. Bridie has never capitulated to the flatness of the realistic dialogue to whose tyranny Mr. Maugham has surrendered with a groan. He has the advantage of being a Scot as Mr. Shaw has the advantage of being Irish; both have inherited, and know how to use, a richer vocabulary than the average Englishman possesses. For his comedy scenes Bridie can always turn on the native tap which runs richly.

Moreover, he has had two kinds of experience which Mr. Shaw has never had. In the R.A.M.C. during the war he saw the Middle East plain; he has wandered among the land of the prophets and scanned the Biblical horizon; hence the human and the humorous vision which poured such delicious comedy into his plays on Jonah and Tobias. Then, as a doctor in Glasgow hospitals, he has seen a rare assortment of mankind and seen them mentally as well as physically stripped. I suppose that a doctor, who happens, which is not always, to observe the psychic as well as the physical symptoms, has a better opportunity for comprehending his fellows than any other professional. Like the lawyer, he sees a good deal of pretence; but there are times when he gets beyond mortal fudge to mortal fact, as lawyers hardly ever can. In illness we are least ourselves one way and most ourselves another. There are few tests of character so revealing as a pain in the guts.

The theorists of our theatre nowadays disparage the "drama of ideas"; it is Edwardian and so it is bad. The Edwardian theorists, in their turn, disparaged the drama of histrionic emotional attack. It was Victorian and so it was vulgar. It is difficult to discover what the theorists do want nowadays; they talk largely of an elusive thing called "theatre" which, we learn, is everything that Shaw and Galsworthy were not. More positive definition is hard to come by; "theatre" is to have some vague mysteries of colour and style implanted by a master-producer and is to be kept innocent of argument. Its companions talk vaguely of rhythm and pattern and values, like the Higher Film Critics when they are confronted with still more acres of dreary Russian propaganda about the Divinity of Steam Tractors and the Noble Proletarian and feel that they ought to be polite. This kind of fussy, self-conscious "theatre" will never live outside a kind of suburban intellectual snobbery and even there it will be dependent on appeals to charity and the underpayment of actors. It is certainly not creating a British school of playwrights and the new theatre of our time, of which James Bridie is the leading representative, is not in the least ashamed to carry on the Shavian tradition of "ideas."

The weakness of this tradition has been its neglect of the conditions under which it must work. Shaw was never more contemptuous of theatrical technique than he is to-day. The author of *On the Rocks* had conceded nothing whatever to the rules of the game. It is a natural temptation to let mental richness flow uncanalised and it is one to which Bridie is obviously exposed. His last play seen in London, *Marriage is no Joke*, ran for three nights, which was a tragic squandering of the intelligence and the fantastic comedy in which it abounded. It might have run for three hundred if the dramatist had been more conscious that play-writing is no joke either. James Bridie has all the attractions and advantages of the amateur; his themes are fresh, his mind vigorous and elastic, his characters varied and original. We know, when we go to a play of his, that we shall escape the usual cackle in the usual lounge-hall, the usual much ado about the

couplings of nobodies. But amateurishness in construction may waste the advantages. *The Anatomist* is as tidily made as it is brilliantly written. May it be the model for the further outpourings of this prolific hand. IVOR BROWN

"FIDELIO" AT COVENT GARDEN

THE opera season started well at Covent Garden last Monday night with a really fine performance of *Fidelio*. A splendid cast all round, a superlatively good Leonora—the best that this generation has known—and the orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham playing at a very high level, better than I have known the orchestra to be at Covent Garden on a first night; all this combined to make this production the best that has been heard at Covent Garden in our time.

The daily newspapers have made a sensation—in their desperate search for copy for a daily "story"—out of what was a very mild incident, or two incidents. It is difficult for everybody to be punctual at Covent Garden because the approach to the theatre is not easy for heavy traffic. A very small proportion of the audience was still trying to reach their seats during the overture and near to Sir Thomas Beecham there must have been some talking, but his reproof was not audible to the bulk of the house and was immediately efficacious. The audience, although obviously largely unmusical and uneducated, was not ill-behaved by any means; on the contrary, it was a very well behaved audience.

The only blot on the proceedings was the fact that, being a musically ignorant audience, they did not recognise the first few bars of the Leonora No. 3 Overture when the orchestra began it at the end of the Prison scene in the Second Act, where it is now a tradition to play it. Consequently, moved to enthusiasm by the magnificent music and rendering of the Prison scene, they burst out into applause and so spoiled the effect of the Leonora No. 3 Overture. But a few voices from the scattered *cognoscenti* in the house (among whom, but not alone, was Sir Thomas Beecham) promptly hushed them into a well-maintained silence. Personally, I think this was a pardonable error in a Covent Garden audience considering that it is seven years since *Fidelio* was given there.

It is amusing to notice the complete imperviousness to musical experience of many of our critics who carp at *Fidelio* as an imperfect opera. Imperfect it may be, as *Hamlet* is imperfect, if you consider it merely formally without considering whether Beethoven or Shakespeare successfully materialised in a work of art the conception they started with. But if you are sensitive to the matter expressed in either of these masterpieces you can ignore the so-called imperfections.

What is it that makes musicians—or perhaps I had better say artists, for a musician may be merely a craftsman—return again and again in every generation to *Fidelio* after they have exhausted the unblemished surface which Wagner presents to them in his later works? It may be simply stated. In *Fidelio* Beethoven succeeds in expressing with complete integrity three of the rarest and highest experiences in human life. These are: (1) Love, (2) Fidelity, (3) Happiness. Now, many artists try to express these three almost unreachable realities in their art, but very very few succeed. Always, or nearly always, a doubt or a hesitation or a question creeps in. But not in *Fidelio*.

Some of those gentlemen who pride themselves on being "modern"—which means in practice that they belong to the day before yesterday—think that all this is very old-fashioned. "Love!" "Fidelity!" "Happiness!" What are these words? Have they any meaning for us? In the mouth of a real man or woman (but no woman would be so lost to life!) or a real artist such questions would be legitimate, but they are not legitimate in a daily newspaper.

In any case these things were realities to Beethoven and he convinces us and he convinces an ordinary Covent Garden audience, which is not such a very sophisticated audience as it tries to appear.

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W. J. TURNER

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These great masses of colour are a stirring sight, and I am duly impressed; but it is the individual plant, or family group of plants, that makes a truly intimate appeal to my imagination. I am interested in the idiosyncracy, the personality, of a plant; its peculiar habits of growth; its special way of collecting and hoarding nourishment; its arrangements for the distribution of its seed and for the peopling of new colonies with its seedlings or offshoots. I enjoy finding out its cultural wants and doing my best to satisfy them. If it strays from the border to the path, as being more suited to its necessities, I hesitate to disturb it in the sacred cause of neatness and order. I would have every plant in my

have been avoided by reference to official publications, I naturally did not reflect on Dr. Mair's abilities as an anthropologist: I referred rather to details for which her unaided observation would have been insufficient, such details as dates and the number of livestock and so forth, which lie outside the possibility of transient estimation.

My objection to the use of the word *taro* was based on the fact that certain ethnologists are only too ready to find Oceanic influences in Africa and the adoption of an Oceanic term may leave an unfortunate impression. The word colocasia is well established in the African literature of exploration and anthropology, both popular and scientific, and has been in general use for the last fifty years. There seems little necessity to supersede it.

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119 Oxford Street, W.1.

Miscellany

"BRIDIE"

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have issued in one volume *Five Plays by "James Bridie"* (7s. 6d.) and, as they have attached to the cover a certain commendation of my own, I feel obliged to defend a line of praise which, taken in isolation, puts the dramatist very high indeed. It is worth noticing that Constable's were publishing the plays of this Scottish doctor long before anybody in England was paying him any attention. To Sir Barry Jackson belongs the credit of first finding him an English stage; he had been trying his hand before that in the Scottish theatres. In the last five years he has written a great deal in such leisure as remains free from his medical practice. After reading and seeing his plays I wish he were my doctor; there may, however, be some who, having experienced his therapies, refuse to see his plays.

His medical treatment, I conjecture, depends a good deal upon common sense. For he is a sceptic about science. Comedy, like tragedy, draws its most frequent themes from frustration and "Bridie" enjoys the spectacle of cocksureness overthrown. His men and women who know are always tripping over their vainglorious self-esteem. In his charming version of the Jonah story, that perky little prophet wins our hearts when he loses his nerve. "I shall never prophesy again. I have received a bitter truth. I am not in God's confidence. My whole life has given way beneath me. I thought I was a great prophet. Everything I did or said was on that understanding. And now I find I am nobody. What must He think of me? It is horrible to think that Jahveh may have a sense of humour." Again in *The Amazed Evangelist*, a one-act play which may be too puzzling to be popular, the dramatist delights in the confronting of the aggressive little Glasgow rationalist with spooks and goblins that might have danced round Macbeth at Forres. What is this something not ourselves which makes for unrighteousness? The question is not to be seriously answered within the span of twenty minutes' play-acting; but it is the kind of issue which "Bridie" likes to raise. That God moves in a mysterious way, His blunders to perform is fairly common theology nowadays, but the blundering need not always be located so high up. In *The Sleeping Clergyman* the assumptions of the eugenists are briskly challenged.

> *Marshall:* "In this year of grace, 1916, we'd be in a bonny pickle if we hadn't a few murderers to keep us from being bossed by a lot of brachycephalic, pot-bellied, doctrinaire North Germans."
>
> *Sir Douglas:* "Well, if that's what you think of our lads in the trenches. . . ."
>
> *Marshall:* "What sort of parents have they got? Any sort, damn it! And if you set them to a proper big job, all their inherited characteristics, all of them, bad and good, combine and sublimate, and you get something like heroism. Mankind aren't so bad, Douglas. What you and your eugenic friends should turn your minds to is breeding a type that'll find them something decent to do. . . . If you ask me what kind of characteristics you want for *that* type, I can't tell you. There's a certain kind of energy and—and vitality you'll find oftener in cripples and epileptics and poor bodies with chronic dyspepsia than you'll find in heavy-weight boxers and eupeptic stockbrokers and amateur policemen. But I think probably your best plan is to leave it to God Almighty. Whoever He is, He's got some notion of the principles of Biology, I find."

Jahveh in this case seems to have more than a sense of humour; he may even have a sense of what is wanted.

James Bridie derives from the Shavian as Shaw from the Ibensite theatre. His creation of Dr. Knox in *The Anatomist*, which is his best piece of theatrical craftsmanship, has a fine Shavian air of rudeness mingled with authority, impertinence with penetration. Knox can hold his own with Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne and others of the Shavian historical gallery. Bridie has never capitulated to the flatness of the realistic dialogue to whose tyranny Mr. Maugham has surrendered with a groan. He has the advantage of being a Scot as Mr. Shaw has the advantage of being Irish; both have inherited, and know how to use, a richer vocabulary than the average Englishman possesses. For his comedy scenes Bridie can always turn on the native tap which runs richly.

Moreover, he has had two kinds of experience which Mr. Shaw has never had. In the R.A.M.C. during the war he saw the Middle East plain; he has wandered among the land of the prophets and scanned the Biblical horizon; hence the human and the humorous vision which poured such delicious comedy into his plays on Jonah and Tobias. Then, as a doctor in Glasgow hospitals, he has seen a rare assortment of mankind and seen them mentally as well as physically stripped. I suppose that a doctor, who happens, which is not always, to observe the psychic as well as the physical symptoms, has a better opportunity for comprehending his fellows than any other professional. Like the lawyer, he sees a good deal of pretence; but there are times when he gets beyond mortal fudge to mortal fact, as lawyers hardly ever can. In illness we are least ourselves one way and most ourselves another. There are few tests of character so revealing as a pain in the guts.

The theorists of our theatre nowadays disparage the "drama of ideas"; it is Edwardian and so it is bad. The Edwardian theorists, in their turn, disparaged the drama of histrionic emotional attack. It was Victorian and so it was vulgar. It is difficult to discover what the theorists do want nowadays; they talk largely of an elusive thing called "theatre" which, we learn, is everything that Shaw and Galsworthy were not. More positive definition is hard to come by; "theatre" is to have some vague mysteries of colour and style implanted by a master-producer and is to be kept innocent of argument. Its companions talk vaguely of rhythm and pattern and values, like the Higher Film Critics when they are confronted with still more acres of dreary Russian propaganda about the Divinity of Steam Tractors and the Noble Proletarian and feel that they ought to be polite. This kind of fussy, self-conscious "theatre" will never live outside a kind of suburban intellectual snobbery and even there it will be dependent on appeals to charity and the underpayment of actors. It is certainly not creating a British school of playwrights and the new theatre of our time, of which James Bridie is the leading representative, is not in the least ashamed to carry on the Shavian tradition of "ideas."

The weakness of this tradition has been its neglect of the conditions under which it must work. Shaw was never more contemptuous of theatrical technique than he is to-day. The author of *On the Rocks* had conceded nothing whatever to the rules of the game. It is a natural temptation to let mental richness flow uncanalised and it is one to which Bridie is obviously exposed. His last play seen in London, *Marriage is no Joke*, ran for three nights, which was a tragic squandering of the intelligence and the fantastic comedy in which it abounded. It might have run for three hundred if the dramatist had been more conscious that play-writing is no joke either. James Bridie has all the attractions and advantages of the amateur; his themes are fresh, his mind vigorous and elastic, his characters varied and original. We know, when we go to a play of his, that we shall escape the usual cackle in the usual lounge-hall, the usual much ado about the

couplings of nobodies. But amateurishness in construction may waste the advantages. *The Anatomist* is as tidily made as it is brilliantly written. May it be the model for the further outpourings of this prolific hand. IVOR BROWN

"FIDELIO" AT COVENT GARDEN

THE opera season started well at Covent Garden last Monday night with a really fine performance of *Fidelio*. A splendid cast all round, a superlatively good Leonora—the best that this generation has known—and the orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham playing at a very high level, better than I have known the orchestra to be at Covent Garden on a first night; all this combined to make this production the best that has been heard at Covent Garden in our time.

The daily newspapers have made a sensation—in their desperate search for copy for a daily "story"—out of what was a very mild incident, or two incidents. It is difficult for everybody to be punctual at Covent Garden because the approach to the theatre is not easy for heavy traffic. A very small proportion of the audience was still trying to reach their seats during the overture and near to Sir Thomas Beecham there must have been some talking, but his reproof was not audible to the bulk of the house and was immediately efficacious. The audience, although obviously largely unmusical and uneducated, was not ill-behaved by any means; on the contrary, it was a very well behaved audience.

The only blot on the proceedings was the fact that, being a musically ignorant audience, they did not recognise the first few bars of the Leonora No. 3 Overture when the orchestra began it at the end of the Prison scene in the Second Act, where it is now a tradition to play it. Consequently, moved to enthusiasm by the magnificent music and rendering of the Prison scene, they burst out into applause and so spoiled the effect of the Leonora No. 3 Overture. But a few voices from the scattered *cognoscenti* in the house (among whom, but not alone, was Sir Thomas Beecham) promptly hushed them into a well-maintained silence. Personally, I think this was a pardonable error in a Covent Garden audience considering that it is seven years since *Fidelio* was given there.

It is amusing to notice the complete imperviousness to musical experience of many of our critics who carp at *Fidelio* as an imperfect opera. Imperfect it may be, as *Hamlet* is imperfect, if you consider it merely formally without considering whether Beethoven or Shakespeare successfully materialised in a work of art the conception they started with. But if you are sensitive to the matter expressed in either of these masterpieces you can ignore the so-called imperfections.

What is it that makes musicians—or perhaps I had better say artists, for a musician may be merely a craftsman—return again and again in every generation to *Fidelio* after they have exhausted the unblemished surface which Wagner presents to them in his later works? It may be simply stated. In *Fidelio* Beethoven succeeds in expressing with complete integrity three of the rarest and highest experiences in human life. These are: (1) Love, (2) Fidelity, (3) Happiness. Now, many artists try to express these three almost unreachable realities in their art, but very very few succeed. Always, or nearly always, a doubt or a hesitation or a question creeps in. But not in *Fidelio*.

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garden living and looking, and manifesting its strange self, much as do those plants that have established themselves in woodland or hedgerow or river-bank. The ordinary well-kept show garden, however cleverly planned and tastefully arranged, appeals to me much as would citizenship in one of our new corporate or Communist States. Colour effects and harmonious arrangements of masses make an agreeable impression on my senses; but I can get these from the arts; they do not call for the sacrifice of the individuality of myriads of living things. I would as soon think of choosing my friends for their decorative value as of buying five hundred plants of the lovely little lobelia (how many people who grow it have ever looked at this flower?), merely to make a straight blue border line. In other words, character in plants, as in people, appeals to my interest and stirs my emotion far more than do conventional good looks.

The attractiveness which wild and garden flowers have for us is, of course, not a simple thing; it is far from being a mere matter of aesthetics or of intellectual curiosity. Flowers and country objects generally can never mean to those born and brought up in a city what they mean to the countryman. There is no question of higher or lower appreciation, but of difference. It is impossible, for example, for me to contemplate objectively the peculiar smell of crushed nettles, or of bracken, or the playing of the breeze over moorland grasses, or the taste of wild sorrel, or the fragrance of lilac, or a hedgerow starred with the white blossoms of the stitchwort, or an orchard floored with snowdrops. These things have become for me symbols of mental and emotional activities within myself. They are, as it were, memoranda stored away in pigeon-holes or on files—effective emotional provocants, whenever some chance encounter brings them before me.

H. R.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Secret Orchard"

Once again turns up the good old comedy theme of the two married couples who try a reshuffle of mates: still in the early-Coward style, but this time entirely redecorated. *Secret Orchard* has a pleasing ebullience, and a foundation of quiet good sense that allows each joke to find its own level: and the general level of comedy is high from the first rise of the curtain, though it is only in the last scene that the author really comes into his own. Here he violates the old plan and instead of reassorting his couples according to origin, with handshakes and kisses all round, he allows one of his new pairs to vanish in silence and true love and leaves the other pair to dangle, protesting. The piece was acted at the Arts with real West-End polish. Mr. Anthony Ireland, as a musician who at the beginning held all the romance-honours, ranted magnificently when they passed into the hands of Mr. Leon Quartermaine, a stockbroker. Miss Carol Goodner looked charming, and convinced one of a powerful hidden purpose; and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, as a wife who was unworthy of her stockbroker husband and deserved to be left high and dry with a mere musician, bubbled and cajoled most competently.

Uday Shan-Kar

To see even a few vacant seats at the Comedy Theatre reawakens the sad conviction that the London theatre-going public is the stupidest in the world. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that London audiences are the slowest in the world. If Uday Shan-Kar and his Hindu dancers and musicians could stay long enough they might achieve the position given to Pavlova and her company; for she was a no more skilful dancer than Shan-Kar (though in a technique which looked more difficult) and was a less supreme artist (with a better press agent). Uday Shan-Kar achieves what few Western dancers would dare attempt, the presentation of divinity in a mime-dancer. To see him is to realise the mythologies of Greece, of Scandinavia and of India. Here, in the movements, the person, the atmosphere of this Brahmin are the heathen gods. "Gods of unbearable beauty that broke the hearts of men." Gods with mortal beauty and mortal attributes, but with an infinite self-satisfaction—proud, cruel, brave, sympathising with mankind for a little, yet only playing with them, then slipping back into Olympian calm or the trancelike meditation of the East. All this Shan-Kar suggests, yet always with that consciousness of "the gods behind the gods," of the forces that will finally bring Raguerok. As Shiva in the *Tandava Nrittya*, we can all but believe that he is dancing the creation of the world and at the same time drawing the strength for that creation from Parvati, the earth herself—expressing that contradiction which is the wreck of all the anthropomorphic religions.

There was once a model, much sought after by Life Classes, who could flex one muscle at a time. It would be easy to believe that Shan-Kar has the same power, but it is controlled by his art and expressed as the effortless litheness, grace and speed without haste that we associate not with the human form but with animals once worshipped as gods—the cat, the tiger and the snake. Debendra and the two women dancers, who assist him, make most European dancing seem undignified. The musicians of his company are immensely skilful in their rendering of the mournful, depthless charm of Indian music, with its strange octave and its sad pattering, as of rain on a desolate roof.

Revue at the Palace

Why Not To-night at the Palace is a revue which is well worth seeing for the sake of the sketches, which have a Pelissier-like freshness and provide Florence Desmond, Gina Malo and Nelson Keys with exactly the right material for their gifts. Tessa, Vanessa and Egbert, the highbrows who scorn everything, but unite in the chorus: "But I do like Mickey, I do like Mickey, I do like Mickey Mouse," and the old-time music-hall with the magnificent guy of a patriotic song: "Thank God, Thank God that I'm an Englishman," are examples of genuine English humour at its very best. The Diamond brothers provide an equally genuine American article, but nothing so perfectly ghastly can have been seen for many years as the dance with Idzikovsky dressed as Mephistopheles, with a tail on a string. But the brilliance of the parodies make up for the smear of Hollywood which flavours other parts of the show.

"The Return of Bulldog Drummond" at the Regal

Whatever the demerits of this film, it is the first English one of the gangster type that has been induced to go with almost an American swing. It is also ingenious, and it holds the attention. Mr. Francis Sullivan, as the infernal clergyman hatching horrors at the Ritz, is really quite alarming; he is a very accomplished actor, and if I were Mr. Laughton I should feel uncomfortably rivalled by that hair-raising purr. The less agreeable aspect of the film is personified in Bulldog Drummond, played by Mr. Richardson, who, surrounded by a pomaded bevy of what appear to be discharged motor-salesmen, indulges in heroics which are often of the most excruciating kind. Murmuring, with oh, such sleepy power, the provincial slang of ten years ago, he is at once the patriot and the law-breaking gym. instructor, the awfully chivalrous ladies' man and the murderer. He reminds one of the worst kind of jolly gamesmaster. And what games he has, dressing up his appalling chums in black shirts, and throwing armament manufacturers into rivers. It was clever propaganda, to make it an armament manufacturer, but we were not deceived.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 4th—
"Siegfried," Covent Garden, 5.45
London Music Festival, B.B.C. Orchestra conducted by Dr. Adrian Boult, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

SATURDAY, May 5th—
Recital of Lyrical Poetry, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, May 6th—
J. A. Hobson on "Man and Woman," Conway Hall, 11.
"The Lawyer and the Roses," Arts Theatre.

MONDAY, May 7th—
Art Exhibition, Royal Academy.
"Götterdämmerung," Covent Garden, 5.15.

TUESDAY, May 8th—
"Fidelio," Covent Garden, 8.30.
Concert in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Horowitz, Conchita Supervia and Piatigorsky, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, May 9th—
"Rheingold," Covent Garden, 8.30.

THURSDAY, May 10th—
Miss Picton Turbervill on "The Anti-God Propaganda," St. Edmunds, Lombard Street, 1.10.
Mass meeting organised by the National Council of Women to call attention to the danger of the present situation in Europe. Speeches by Vernon Bartlett, Mrs. Corbett Ashby, and others. Central Hall, Westminster, 8.
"The Springtime of Others," Arts Theatre.
"The Dark Tower," Shaftesbury Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MADAME BOVARY is among the few novels which can be read every year. The story keeps its freshness, but, even more, it is one we do not outgrow. I remember reading it first when I was nineteen, then again at twenty-two, and perhaps three or four times since. On each occasion I have been aware of reading a subtly different book. More and more one is impressed by the small figures in a close framework, a quality of lighting on face and landscape, the inevitability of ruin among minor happenings. Yet the usual description, "a novel of pictures," misses three-quarters of Flaubert's effect. True, the book is a triumph of visual imagination, but what gives it peculiar depth is the fact that Flaubert works always on several planes at once (the famous scene of the *comices* is only the most striking example of this); and he conveys in a paragraph the lapse of time better than any other novelist. Remember, halfway through the novel, its beginning; one is taken back a lifetime. My own choice in Flaubert would be *Bouvard et Pécuchet* and the Correspondence, but most readers undoubtedly prefer *Bovary*: it is the one work of Flaubert's on which opinion has been unanimous. Even here, though, a French critic, M. Pierre Gilbert, has diagnosed the type of false masterpiece. The revelation of Flaubert's method, perhaps, has been responsible for this divergence. That the story, its characters and landscape, should have been taken from life and transmuted by innumerable small touches, at which the author worked continuously for six years, is a miracle which critics of a certain type find hard to accept. The documentation, in later years, of *Salammbô* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet* was furiously attacked. *Bovary*, however, remains foolproof. It is Flaubert's one concession to outside opinion, the single deflection, a sport of his genius. With all his other books (excepting, perhaps, *Trois Contes*) it is possible to trace their inception to pages in his early writings: *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, *L'Education Sentimentale*, *Salammbô* were all, in some form or other, present in his mind as a youth of nineteen. *Bovary* was imposed, though the principles on which it was written, of course, were not.

* * *

In September, 1849, Flaubert had completed the first version of the *Tentation*, a lyrical tornado; Du Camp and Bouilhet had been invited to the reading of it, which took four days. The scene is familiar: Flaubert storming and intoning, the other two listening silently and from time to time exchanging a look, Mme. Flaubert waiting for the verdict outside. When it was over Bouilhet said: "We think you should throw that piece in the fire and never speak of it again." The next day, as they were walking in the garden, he suggested to Flaubert that he should write the story of the Delamares, the scandal of which was still fresh. The manuscript of the *Tentation* was put away in a drawer, Flaubert went off on a long journey in the Near East, and when he returned immured himself at Croisset to write *Madame Bovary*.

* * *

Eugène Delamare had been a pupil of Dr. Flaubert (Gustave's father), had set up a practice in the village of Ry and married Delphine Couturier, the daughter of a well-to-do local farmer. She caught him against her father's wish and without proposal. In essentials, the rest of the story is that of the book. The one element in *Bovary* which Flaubert already had in mind was the figure, mayoral and pedantic, of the chemist Homais; and curiously enough it was from the chemist, when he stayed at Ry, that he learnt most of the details of the case. Unlike the character in the novel he was apparently an intelligent and discreet man, and a supporter of the Church. His son, however, growing up in awe of the book and succeeding him at the counter, proudly assumed the role of Homais, imitated his manners and solemnity, talked in proverbs and "cultiva l'Industrie et les Beaux-Arts." The villagers, still drinking cider at the "Lion D'Or" and journeying to Rouen by the "Hirondelle," lived strenuously on their memories of "Monsieur Gustave" and of the unfortunate Delphine, to whom they assigned a host of lovers unknown to Emma. The photograph of a young woman said to resemble her was placed in a window. Her old servant delighted visitors with the memory of a beautiful, ravishing Delphine—a real lady without doubt; but then horrified them by adding that before taking arsenic herself she had first tried to poison her husband. Poor Charles!—and poor Emma!—this accusation seemed to strike back at both.

* * *

Accounts of her character and appearance vary, but it is certain that she was a great reader of novels, that she loved luxury and dress, worked embroidery, and sat for long hours at her window overlooking the village street. The portrait given by Jules Levallois, Sainte-Beuve's secretary, who saw her frequently during a holiday in the neighbourhood, is probably accurate. (It was Levallois, by the way, who persuaded Sainte-Beuve to read, and devote an article to, *Madame Bovary*.)

> Ce n'était certes une figure à passions. Elle était blonde avec des yeux bleus et un teint de Normande, qui pourtant, vers la fin, tendait à se couperoser. Je ne sais si ses toilettes étaient d'une élégance irréprochable. Ce qu'il y a de certain c'est qu'elles étaient, comme on dit chez nous, très *voyantes*. Elle avait pour les robes roses une prédilection toute particulière. . . .

Du Camp, not always reliable, is more detailed and even less flattering:

> C'était une petite femme sans beauté, dont les cheveux d'un jaune terne encadraient un visage piollé de taches de rousseur. Prétentieuse, dédaignant son mari qu'elle considérait comme un imbécile, ronde et blanche avec des os minces qui n'apparaissaient pas, elle avait dans la démarche, dans l'habitude générale du corps, des flexibilités et des ondulations de couleuvre; sa voix, déshonorée par l'accent bas-normand, était plus que caressante et dans ses yeux de couleur indécise, qui selon les ongles de lumière, semblaient vert gris ou bleus, il y avait une sorte de supplication continuelle.

The testimony of the village, wise after the event and after the book also, is that she was "distinguée, belle, *très brune* [*cf.* the accounts above], aimant à danser et à rire, mais inquiéte, avide de l'idéal et cherchant désespérément un amour chimérique."

* * *

Three months after her death, Delamare was still to be seen on the highway, going the round of his patients. Levallois describes meeting him:

> Par une claire après-midi d'été, sur la grande plaine d'Épreville, nous voyions venir à nous, se detachant à l'horizon, un cheval qui rapellait Rossinante, surmonté d'un cavalier que Gustave Doré n'aurait pas dédaigné pour ses illustrations de *Don Quichotte*. Ces deux êtres fantastiques s'arrêtèrent à quelques pas de nous. Une conversation insignifiante, traînante, s'engagea. Puis l'homme triste, affaissé, accablé, l'animal lamentable s'éloignèrent, se perdirent dans la direction de Ry. "Tu l'as reconnu?" me dit mon oncle. "C'est Delamare, l'officier de santé, tu sais le malheur qui l'a frappé."

He died of a broken heart. In the days after Delphine's suicide, an understanding had grown up between the doctor and the most illustrious of his wife's lovers—Louis Campion (Rodolphe), who owned a neighbouring estate. Campion would drive over in the evening, and the two would weep and talk together. He, too, had an unlucky end. After gambling away the best part of a fortune and sharing what remained with his cronies, he sailed for America, returned, and shot himself in a Paris street.

* * *

This tragi-comedy of Art and Life would hardly be deduced by any reader of the novel who was ignorant of its author. Few novels show less sign of having been "taken from life." For Flaubert it remained "un exercise utile auquel il a voulu résolumment se condamner." The day after it was finished he returned to work on *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*, for six years put aside.

G. W. STONIER

AN APPROACH TO POETRY

Poetry: Direct and Oblique. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Tillyard divides poetry into two kinds: the kind which means primarily what it says—"direct poetry" or the "poetry of statement"—and the kind that means what it suggests—"oblique poetry." As an example, he contrasts the *Deserted Village* with Blake's *Echoing Green*. Goldsmith's is in the main statement-poetry: he describes a village green, and he means you to think of a village green. Blake, on the other hand, though he seems to be doing the same thing, is in reality suggesting a "great commonplace": the "stylised day-cycle" of his three stanzas is obliquely saying that "there is a virtue in desire gratified."

Oblique poetry is, in Dr. Tillyard's view, the higher kind; if you have had a profound experience you will not be satisfied to express it directly. But a proper balance between the two is necessary to the "poetic health" of an epoch: without a solid foundation of statement, very great poetry can hardly be produced.

In Pope's day, and largely by his fault, the poetry of statement was given a weight it could not bear, and it has not yet got over the reaction. Contempt for direct poetry produced in the nineteenth century, and is still producing, a mass of "inflated" or "disguised" statement, the falsely subtle and the pseudo-grand, the pretentious commonplace of the worst Tennyson, and Mr. Ezra Pound's "bogus obliquity."

Many will agree with Dr. Tillyard so far; but I am not sure that the terms "direct" and "oblique" help much to establish his position. What he wants is surely not so much "direct poetry" as "good verse"—something relatively prosaic, relatively unemotional, good honest work not aiming at the heights or depths. And it may be doubted if he has taken the best way to recommend it, for he constantly speaks of statement-poetry as a means to an end. We are never to think it satisfactory "apart from a higher kind"—but isn't it? Surely it is quite satisfactory: it is simply *not* the higher kind. It *must* be written, he says, for the sake of obliquity, but it will probably be "a waste of time" for posterity to read it. This is damping to the direct poet, if true: but is it true? Surely the best statement-poetry is as permanent as anything. He does hold out one encouragement to the modest writer: there is still a public for good verse, or a poem like *The Land* would never sell. We may well agree that directness in that sense is a permanent appetite of the wider educated public—that the hungry sheep look up and are not fed, or are unwholesomely blown out if they prefer it. Over their heads much talk of tradition is going on; but as for the tradition of supplying them with good stuff that they can eat—the traditionalists are doing their best to put it out of its misery. And I am afraid Dr. Tillyard's book may tell, against his will, on the same side, by its exaltation of obliquity, its emphasis on the superior merit of not saying what you mean.

Moreover, his critical approach has other drawbacks. First, he admits himself that there is *no* direct poetry: he admits that the *Deserted Village*, while talking of the village green, implies nostalgia, Goldsmith's longing for another place and an unattainable happiness. Yet he calls this direct poetry. Dryden's poetry, on the other hand, is oblique because it implies his belief in culture. Crabbe is direct, Pope's *Rape of the Lock* is "the oblique expression of his sensibility." A distinction so very vague, or even arbitrary, seems of little use; try applying it to a given poem, and the chances are you will be puzzled. You will simply not know which it is, or rather which Dr. Tillyard would call it, and the effect of the poem will be lost meanwhile. Besides, if you *feel* what is implied in an oblique poem, all is well: if you don't feel it, how are you to know there is obliquity? And finally—though this objection does not go well with the others—Dr. Tillyard seems to me unfair to statement—to great but (as far as there is such a thing) explicit poetry. The suggestion that a great poet "will not be satisfied" with direct expression is, I think, a dangerous error, and those who accept it will be unjust to great explicit poetry, or will be driven to find obliquities where none exist. Dr. Tillyard himself quotes certain lines of Blake as being, exceptionally, great statement-poetry, and adds that he "mentions the passage with fear," feeling its menace. His candour is exemplary, but why not take warning?

In practice, the system leads to criticism of this kind—he quotes the following lines from *Geraint and Enid*:

> So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,
> And issuing under open heavens beheld
> A little town with towers, upon a rock,
> And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased
> In the brown wild, and mowers mowing in it.

"It does not," he says, "get one very far to call this a pre-Raphaelite picture (as one is immediately tempted to do) . . . What is certain is that here is an obliquity. . . . Yeats and A. E. would call it 'vision' and, perhaps, put some sort of an interpretation on it. Having rejected any dealings with 'immediacy,' I cannot speak of the passage in this way; and conceivably there may be no other way of speaking of it." Well, he has at least called attention to some charming lines. And it seems to me more than likely that Tennyson was remembering some, perhaps Italian, picture, in which case Dr. Tillyard might say that he was expressing obliquely his sensibility to art; but why that formula would be specially valuable I can't see, still less the value of saying, "This implies something or other," or of offering a choice between two emotionally hostile meanings, as he does elsewhere. The idea of direct and oblique may serve a useful turn—but that is all. Certainly it was too thin to fill a volume: Dr. Tillyard has really produced a book of critical fragments, tamely and confusedly put together, and encumbered with a convention which is always getting in his way.

But the merit is in the fragments. There is an admirable section on the "social verse" which is one kind of statement, and which went so horribly off the rails in the nineteenth century; the chapters on rhythm, plot, allusion and so on—"means of obliquity"—are full of good points; and while some of the interpretations are, I think, too private, others are almost sure to awake the desired echo. For instance, there is a note on the conclusion of the *Aeneid* so amazingly effective that one's blood runs cold. Dr. Tillyard is perhaps too much "aware of modernism," and inclined to overestimate good verse when it happens to be a product of Mr. Yeat's latest period; his modesty makes him slightly anxious, but not servile. And he sends one back to the poems with fresh interest, as a critic ought. K. JOHN

NEW NOVELS

News From Havre. By GEORGES DUHAMEL. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Deacon. By ALUN LLEWELLYN. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Picaro. By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE. *Jarrolds.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Sancroft Sisters. By BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

News from Havre is a translation of Georges Duhamel's *Le Notaire du Havre* and is the first of his novels to be done into English. It is the opening volume of a cycle dealing, in autobiographical fashion, with the gradual rise of a small bourgeois family who have emerged from the peasant state and who are caught in the struggle for existence in Paris. "French literature," M. Georges Duhamel says in a discursive Prologue, "is on the whole a literature of moralists." And moralists are forever defining and redefining their types. To generalise further, English characters by contrast become more diffuse as they grow; the farcical Pickwick becomes the great comic Pickwick in the end; it is possible for the romantic character to transcend his original category. I have, for example, had the delusion—which is perhaps personal to me—that the characters of many English novels are physically taller, stouter and more impressive at the end than they were at the beginning. I never remember having such a feeling about the characters in a French novel; in it there is, on the contrary, a search for exactitude and refinement of definition. This assures a certain smoothness, an agreeable mean, a *bien être* and intelligence in one's pleasure in books of the *News from Havre* kind. All will be amiably fitted into the moralist's frame. There will be no piece of uncontrollable soul left over and sticking out. And the moralist's view of ordinary people overcomes the difficulty of the ordinariness of ordinary people, revealing unexpected and distinctive textures. The ordinary is accepted not with the realist's horror but with fascinated curiosity.

All this may be seen at work in M. Duhamel's book. The Pasquier family, a mother and father and their children, were living in poverty, waiting for the final, releasing news of a legacy which would ease their struggles. The youngest child describes

the effect of this tantalising and constantly delayed promise of relief upon the family. Will the legacy ever arrive? Will there be anything left of it when it does arrive? The business of the book is to chart the family's ever-varying temperature, to describe its agonies, its hungry fantasies and its desperate humours. The chief portraits are of the mother and father.

Until the small hours of the morning, burning his wrist over the lamp to keep himself awake, clad conventionally *à la* Balzac in a dressing gown, the father slaves for the degree that will advance him out of lower middle class misery into some safe little job in the impecunious professional world. The legacy tantalises with its promise of a short cut out of the daily anxiety; it plays like a dream with all of the family in turn. The father is a laborious, meticulous, talkative man, the first to suggest all impetuous ideas—moving into a larger flat, or borrowing on his expectations, for example—and the first, sardonically, to puncture these day dreams when he sees they have at last melted the caution of his wife and have awakened the carefully repressed romanticism of her nature. The portrait of the mother is beautifully finished and never laboured. Her courage, her patience, her self-sacrifice, her continuous labour, her rare outbursts—for example, against the lodger who brought a lady to stay the night "on hygienic grounds," and against her husband when he invested borrowed money in a company which turned out to be fraudulent—are shown with a delightful grace of touch. The father, at once laborious and fantastic, is excellent too. A public outing is an ordeal for his family for he is one of those Frenchmen who are given to public protest. He might denounce a man in a bus for being bald, or for being ugly; he might stand up in the middle of a play and protest against it. A handsome man and imperious in his wrath—which would vanish as suddenly as it came—he silences, overcomes and appals all hearers. An elderly maiden lady who lodged in the flat and who tells him that he uses the verb "aimer" wrongly because he omits the proposition "de" gives him the kind of opportunity he cannot resist:

"That is a verb, Mademoiselle, which you would have been only too pleased, with or without preposition, to have been given an opportunity to conjugate at least once, if there had been anyone willing to give you a hand."

His most superb rage bursts out at the end of the book when the landlord tries to evict the family of a tenant who has been arrested. Beginning on the top landing and gathering eloquence as he descends from floor to floor, the inspired man drives the landlord cowering into the street. M. Duhamel is equally good with the friends and neighbours, and if the tone of the book is affectionate and quiet the sentiment is genuine and the perception keen. He never judges people by standards that would be foreign to them, that would dwarf them and make them quaint. They are neither fondled nor scorned, and they emerge at the end of the book no larger and no smaller than they were at the beginning. They have just been more elaborately and more exactly defined. As the French idiom says of suicides, "They have done themselves justice." The work has the limits of its theme and treatment, but I shall look forward with curiosity to the succeeding volumes.

The monotone of family life is in M. Duhamel's pages; Mr. Alun Llewellyn's have the monotony which springs from allowing one fanatical character to dominate the other characters, without resistance, to the end. Although a dramatic book, elaborately supplied with Welsh scenery, Welsh habits and dialogue, it is a portrait of one man who never changes—his last-minute suicide leaves me unconvinced, but I may be wrong about this—and is never opposed by development in himself or the other characters. The Deacon is a man of immense religious influence, he terrorises the whole village spiritually, he is of unquestioned uprightness, but in his narrow intolerance and pride he drives his son from the house, refuses to pity him when he is terribly injured in a poachers' fight, and turns out his ailing wife when she goes to see the boy. The Welsh atmosphere is well managed—there is the stock funny English clergyman, the force of the Deacon is impressive; but the novel, like its prose, is encumbered and congested. The maiming of the boy seems in a conventional novel of plot, scenery and local habits, and in the light of later events to be gratuitous. The boy is very well drawn; of the rest, admitting marked talent in everything, there is too much. The reader is plagued by the mechanical sinister sameness of the characters' very limited set of reactions. But the book is readable, the characters are a refreshing change after the colourless and figureless young men and women who slip in and out of each other's beds and motor cars in so many clever first novels; and Mr. Llewellyn is at least a serious novelist.

These one-character novels ought probably to be short stories or biographies. *Picaro*, the life story of a Barcelona street urchin who becomes a pimp, marries, and abandons pimping for the job of waiter and ultimately makes a fortune respectably in the Argentine, is really a biography. I read, interested and moved, to the end, although on every page I exclaimed, "This is not a novel. Nothing is really happening." The author, for example, is always *outside* the youth. You can almost hear him saying, "I am writing up this extraordinary pimp. I understand the type." A certain amount of conscientious observation, a few hours' conversation with the man himself, and sympathy are all that is required. The thing has not to be imagined at all. So, winning the reader's sympathy, throwing in here a scene with a procuress, here episodes with English sailors, a rapid impression of the boy's touching love affair, its tragic outcome, his later devotion to his daughter, the book becomes a long biographical essay, without any of those conflicts which occur in novels when there are several characters given an equal share of life and independence. Surprisingly true to life and exact in its understanding of a type of which few people have any knowledge, the book goes only skin deep, and is not a picaresque novel either. There is a touch of "Pity the poor poor," in the author's voice. He has been in the not uncommon dilemma of the novelist who tries to write a true story and who finds that the rule is: the truer the flatter. What seduced me to the end was Mr. Croft-Cooke's exact exposition of the Spanish scene and character, though done in this generalised way. These little scenes, scattered throughout the book, have the stuff of a genuine novel in them. But, as for the whole, one has only to read a novel of Spanish slum life like Pío Baroja's *La Busca* to see that Mr. Croft-Cooke is an initiated traveller showing one the sights, and not an imaginative artist.

Miss Curtis Brown's book may be called the Intelligent Woman's Guide to Young and Unadjusted Modern Women of the Educated Middle Class. The Sancroft sisters are in varying ways uncomfortable in their environment and within themselves; they have enough leisure in which to indulge in what may be called psychological knitting. It is their brows that they knit. The book—it can hardly be called a novel, and the characters, though carefully

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BY WALTER DURANTY, 5/-

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His dispatches, now collected, stand out as a great achievement of journalism. In them are the birth and growth of a nation. In them, perhaps alone, are we shown in its true values the titanic drama of people and ideals which Duranty has witnessed. His report can never be duplicated. There have been, and will be, numberless estimations of Russia drawn at a moment of its history—flat appraisals in retrospect. But this is the very movement of events and the living actions of men, preserved for ever as living realities by a skilled reporter who saw it all when it happened. *Russia Reported* bears to the ordinary "book on Russia" the relation of a motion picture to a snap-shot, of the active present to the dead past.

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done up into different parcels, are not really people—is a serious and successful attempt to expound very real difficulties. The author is often shrewd. One person is alive, the disconsolate Evelyn; and one of the Sancroft remarks about her, "You are never boring. You're devitalising sometimes, but really not boring," accurately defines my impression of a book which may be more sympathetic to others than it is to me. It makes me long for the revolution.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CAPTAIN GRONOW

The Last Recollections of Captain Gronow. With illustrations by MALCOLM EASTON. *Selwyn and Blount.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Captain Gronow certainly deserved resurrection, but it seems a pity that the work should not have been undertaken in a somewhat more scholarly and less slapdash manner. Beginning with the entirely inaccurate statement that "the last edition of this most delicious and scandalous book was published far back in the nineteenth century," its modern publishers give us no hint as to the method by which the composition of the present volume has been determined. The reader who has studied the two-volume edition, with its amusing aquatints (for which Mr. Malcolm Easton's rather pretentious wood-engravings are a poor exchange) will notice that many of Gronow's anecdotes, including several important references to Byron and his circle, have apparently been omitted. And then where is Gronow's brilliant description of the equipages in Hyde Park? Where can we discover his picturesque and highly informative catalogue of the London clubs and hotels? Here is a paragraph on the celebrated Lord Alvanley; but a delightful portrait of Lord Petersham, who invented the overcoat, bore a strong facial resemblance to Mr. Mantalini, never left his room before six o'clock and possessed a snuff-box for every day of the year, has dropped out of Gronow's collection of Regency characters. Nor has "Romeo" Coates been allowed a place. Yet Gronow is one of our chief sources for the biography of this strange and unhappy eccentric whose attempts to distinguish himself as a tragedian reduced packed houses to paroxysms of riotous amusement. "Monk" Lewis, too, was worth inclusion. . . . Strangest of all, though from the prepatory note we learn that Gronow's "first sketch, of Almack's Club, whets the appetite," the first item—printed beneath a cut which represents a lady and gentleman dancing the quadrille—is entitled *The Duke of Wellington and the Cavalry*. No sketch of the kind is mentioned in the index, and there is no trace of it in the Table of Contents at the head of the book.

In fact, *The Last Recollections* is made up of Captain Gronow's second volume, shorn of its first paragraph. Such a haphazard presentation of the retired dandy's reminiscences implies that they can have little interest, save to the lover of gossip and the amateur of bygone scandal. Actually, though some of Captain Gronow's "good stories" are nowadays very dull indeed, his portraits of famous and infamous characters are often extremely vivid; while his memories of London life, which he had enjoyed as a young man in the company of Scrope Davies, Byron's much-admired Cambridge acquaintance, Ball Hughes—otherwise "the Golden Ball"—who eloped with Lord Fife's beautiful protégée, Mademoiselle Mercandotti, and the gamblers who frequented White's and Crockford's, throw an invaluable sidelight on the Regency background. Captain Gronow may be prosy, but he is seldom pompous. The scandals he relates are very far from being so appetising as his latest publishers would like us to believe; and he is at his best when he hits off some well-known personage in a straightforward and unaffected style.

Thus, of Lord Allen—"King Allen"—an imperturbable and good-humoured man of pleasure, who nevertheless excelled at saying "disagreeable things at the most disagreeable moment," we are told that he "greatly resembled in later life an ancient grey parrot, both in the aquiline outline of his features, and his peculiar mode of walking, with one foot crossed over the other in a slow and wary manner." A previous description of Crockford's would have delighted Balzac:

> In the play-room might be heard the clear ringing voice of that agreeable reprobate, Tom Duncombe, as he cheerfully called "seven," and the powerful hand of the vigorous Sefton in throwing for a ten. There might be noted the scientific dribbling of a four by "King" Allen, the tremendous backing of nines and fives by Ball Hughes and Auriol, the enormous stakes played for by Lords Lichfield and Chesterfield, George Payne, Sir St. Vincent Cotton, D'Orsay, and George Anson, and, above all, the gentlemanly bearing and calm and unmoved demeanour, under losses or gains, of all the men of that generation.

Captain Gronow, in short, is a historian of manners. And surely the proper method of treating his diffuse and untidy *Recollections* would have been to rearrange them, bringing together, for instance, all his sketches of Regency life, all his memories of the Napoleonic wars and, in a later section, his account of his experiences before and during the Prince President's *coup d'etat*. A book of this type, if equipped with adequate notes and—better still—furnished with contemporary illustrations, would have added to our knowledge of the nineteenth century. The present edition, though it includes much that is entertaining, cannot but suffer from the lack of scholarship with which it is presented.

P. Q.

BRITISH PAINTERS

Reflections on British Painting. By ROGER FRY. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Roger Fry has again written a notable book. Within the compass of 150 pages he has given us a clear view of what in his estimation is the value of the British School of Painting and with that view it is difficult not to agree.

In the recent Exhibition at Burlington House the British School was represented by 257 artists (and the term is so elastic that Queen Victoria is included in this number). Mr. Fry discusses fewer than twenty of them. Of these only Gainsborough and Constable are in his opinion of the first rank and even they do not compare with such men as Rubens and Poussin, so that he is forced to admit that in comparison with the great Continental schools the British takes second place. In the course of trying to substantiate his opinion he fills a page with aesthetic terms which are somewhat indigestible. Some of these terms need redefining from time to time since they tend to accrete inaccurate meanings and want, so to speak, decarbonising. This, however, is the only roughness in his smooth prose.

Mr. Fry possesses two qualities which give him authority to talk about pictures. They are "contemplative receptivity" (his own admirable phrase) and a vivid accuracy of observation. An example of the later is his description of Rowlandson's drawing

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as " roly-poly handwriting." It is in his analysis of Gainsborough, for whom he has a passionate admiration, that his searching qualities reach their highest pitch of subtlety and brilliance. These pages form the core of his book and one follows his argument with delighted agreement. Mr. Fry makes one rather surprising statement; he says " Gainsborough never painted; he always drew." Is this not only one aspect of the truth? Surely paint is paint even when it is not an impasto, smooth like the early Cézanne, heaped up like Monticelli or even Monet who produced a surface which made Renoir feel he wanted to strike a match on it. Should it not rather be said that for Gainsborough (as for Renoir) painting and drawing were inseparable?

The book is extremely well constructed. Beginning with a brief note on Mediaeval Art it shortly explores the English School through the Stuarts and early Georges, arriving at the eighteenth century; thence it takes us up to the Pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Fry is concerned with the artist rather than the painter and thus his interest is focused on Gainsborough and Constable.

Speaking of the nineteenth century painter, Bonnington, Mr. Fry says, " Bonnington used to lament to Delacroix that he had not managed to do any large-scale compositions, but those who saw these minute pictures enlarged on the screen to monumental dimensions were able to see that there was nothing to prevent him from attempting the biggest schemes." Because a small well-constructed picture is shown to be still sound when it is enlarged is, I think, no proof that the artist who painted it could design a large canvas equally well; for physical vitality is of considerable importance, a vitality which would enable the mind to keep its grasp of larger and more complex spatial relations, apart from the actual manual labour involved. That they lacked this physical and psychic health is I imagine true of all painters who are classed under the title of " little masters."

In his pages on Turner, Mr. Fry makes some illuminating comments on a painter whose output was so enormous that there are 20,000 of his works in the Tate Gallery and the National Gallery alone. He says Turner was " too active, too busy making pictures " to have time for detached contemplative vision. One realises, incidentally, that it is just this activity which is so much encouraged in art schools, those greenhouses for adolescents. The most prolific students gain the laurels and lost in admiration of their own facility help to add to the accumulation of acres of futile canvases.

Mr. Fry's book has a living quality partly due to his feeling for poetry in painting. He makes some memorable reflections on this theme. Speaking of the work of the landscape-painter Wilson, who was so much influenced by Claude, he uses a lovely phrase. " He (Wilson) tried to get at his poetry straight away; he could not wait to let it distil from his forms." Of Gainsborough he says, " However plain and direct a statement Gainsborough makes, he can never make it in prose. Always there is just that heightening of the emotional pitch which makes poetry." And in a sentence which shows clearly that in this great artist poetry was organic. " In imagination he feels all the movements of the terrain—just how the bank slopes down to the pool—he follows the undulations right out into the distance, and his tree stands free in the air." It seems but a short step to Keats who said, " If a sparrow come before my window I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel." Sometimes Mr. Fry comes near to being a poet himself.

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NATURAL LAW AND THE THEORY OF SOCIETY

Natural Law and the Theory of Society. By OTTO GIERKE Translated by ERNEST BARKER. *Cambridge University Press.* 2 Vols. 30*s.*

Just a generation after Maitland published his famous translation of Gierke's section on mediaeval political ideas, Professor Barker gives us a further instalment of the main sections of the fourth volume of this great work. From the special angle, of the ideas of natural law and of corporate personality, this new contribution is practically a history of the mainstream of European political thought from the Reformation to the Revolution. Largely, of course, it is concerned with evidence that is predominantly German; the English reader will miss names like Hooker and Cumberland, Price and Priestley, John Adams and Burke, whom he has hitherto considered as fundamental to the debate. But he will find here illumination such as is met with in only two or three other books in the history of political ideas. This, like its predecessor as Maitland shaped it, is one of the books properly to be regarded as creating an epoch in its subject.

Professor Barker has done nobly by his author. First, he has turned difficult and laborious German into an English that is clear and as elegant as its original makes possible. Second, he has added to the text a remarkable lecture of Troeltsch which brings out superbly the significance of Gierke's doctrine. Third, he has prefixed to the whole an introduction that is itself a significant and luminous discussion of certain central problems of politics. And, as final ground for gratitude, the second volume of his translation offers us those notes to the text into which Gierke poured all the amazing resources of his massive erudition. There was a time when it was greatly to be feared that Professor Barker had deserted scholarship for the dignified emollience of university administration. These volumes make us realise how much learning gained when he left the thronging business of the Strand for the mellowed peace of Cambridge.

What is likely to be the effect of this translation? Maitland's work, historically, really gave birth to the doctrine of political pluralism. By the new light it shed upon the nature of groups in society, it made possible a new approach to the theory of the state and its sovereignty. Its effect upon our view, for example, of the claims of churches and trade unions profoundly altered our general political outlook. We came to see society as essentially pluralist; and the claim of the state to pre-eminence began to be scrutinised less in terms of its formal pretensions as an ultimate source of reference than in terms of the effect of what it did with its powers to those who were affected by them. Looking back, it is pretty safe to argue that Maitland made it no longer possible to accept a simple Hegelian view of the state. It is interesting to reflect that, since 1900, no really significant defence of Hegelian idealism in politics has been written in England.

Professor Barker's volumes, if I may venture a prophecy, may well prove equally significant from a different angle. The totalitarian state has brought with it *raison d'état* as its cardinal theory of law; and efforts to relate positive law to ethical criteria capable of rational defence are at a discount. This stream of tendency is a convergence of many tributaries; Duguit in France,

Kelsen in Germany, have unconsciously contributed to its volume. I do not expect that this translation will revive doctrines of national law in the form they received at the hands of men like Thomasius and Nettelbladt. But I believe that they will emphasise the final inadequacy of any theories of law which seek to justify the claim to obedience upon the source from which the law emanates. They will revive—it is a revival long overdue in England—theological theories of law; and the effect of that will be what Mr. Justice Holmes pleaded for over forty years ago that marriage between jurisprudence and the sister social sciences which will at last make us understand, in his famous words, that the "life of the law has been not in logic but in experience." It may well be that of these new relationships there will come that philosophy of law which, like Benthamism a century ago, will provide the inspiration to the reform of law. For social philosophy in every age of crisis begins anew an attack upon institutional foundations That, I think, will be the effect of this book. It will help greatly to the remaking of English political theory by offering it a weapon of attack capable as a doctrine of answering the non-rational ideas which now threaten to overwhelm us. The more widely these remarkable volumes are read the more profound and rapid will be the revolution they may effect. I, for one, am anxious only to take off my hat in humble gratitude to Professor Barker.

HAROLD J. LASKI

ECONOMICS AND MASONRY

The Mediaeval Mason. By DOUGLAS KNOOP and G. P. JONES, M.A. *Manchester University Press.* 12s. 6d.

In a recent volume of the *Cambridge Mediaeval History*, Professor Clapham complained that there was no adequate study of the economics of the building industries in the Middle Ages and that this was the greater pity as here we might find the mediaeval equivalent of the large-scale undertakings of modern times. It was a challenge to art historians as well as economists, and now it is the latter who have taken it up. The result is a first-rate book and one that is almost as valuable to art historians as to economists, but it is very definitely an economists' book. It is written almost entirely from documentary sources and it would be a justifiable exaggeration to say without looking at the monuments. The prime sources of the books are therefore the building accounts of such great undertakings as the Welsh Castles, Vale Royal Abbey, York and Exeter Cathedrals, etc., where a real mass of information can be gathered as to conditions of labour, wages, administration, and so forth, and though the authors are too thorough, and too able, to have neglected the evidences of smaller works, the conclusions based on these large enterprises have given the character to the book. There is perhaps justifiable criticism here for the sub-title of the work is "An Economic History of English Stone Building in the Later Middle Ages and Early Modern Times," and an overwhelming mass of their evidence comes from the late thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. To an art historian the Later Middle Age in England runs from, shall we say, the building of the transept at Gloucester in 1337 to Bath Abbey, begun in 1503. The course, that is, of the Perpendicular style, and though there is great variety of building during this period the outstanding feature of the time is the rebuilding and enlargement and refurnishing of the parish churches. It is true these are sparsely documented and that much of the work was done by sculptors, carvers and carpenters, and the masons to whom Messrs. Knoop and Jones most strictly confine themselves had only a partial share in the movement, but for all that they do fight shy of the question of the parish churches as two quotations will show. "Some towns contained many parish churches of which there *is said* to have been much rebuilding in the fifteenth century." To any one familiar with the monuments it did not require Mr. J. R. Green to tell them that, and he would need no cautionary "it is said" in accepting the statement. Again and more seriously "this decline in monastic building was, to an extent we cannot precisely determine, compensated by an increased activity in the building of parish churches, but it is probable that this movement had almost worked itself out by 1500." A date certainly twenty-five or thirty years too early. Again, what is from an art historian's point of view a too narrow limitation to masons only, has led to a missed opportunity in relation to the capitalist mason, tomb carver and church furnisher whose importance in relation to late mediaeval and early modern architecture is only just coming to light, and though he is referred to his importance is not stressed. In this matter it is significant that

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The April number included articles by Aldous Huxley, Wyndham Lewis, Seán O'Faoláin; a story by Stephen Spender and a long poem by Herbert Read

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none of the works of the late Professor Prior appear in the Bibliography, a grave omission with respect to his *Mediaeval Figure Sculpture*, a book from which the authors might gave gained much for their passage on Purbeck marble working. The question of masons as tomb makers is important, for here we seem to find a class of artist to which Yevele and his partner Lote belonged in the fourteenth century, Wastell, the mason of King's Chapel, Cambridge, and in the seventeenth century such important figures as Nicholas Stone, the Marshalls, the Stantons and Strongs. The importance of such men has long been recognised in France, here the facts are only just coming to light. It is, however, ungracious to quarrel with the authors for writing this kind of book and they have a perfectly sound answer to such criticism. "We have made a contribution to economic history, if you want to explain its bearings on the history of art do it yourselves." It is indeed no small compliment—if a left-handed one—that the art historian is inclined to say of this book, so near, so very near an answer to my own problems. G. WEBB

USEFUL GUIDE-BOOKS

Germany on Ten Pounds. By SYDNEY A. CLARK. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 5s.

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Of all nations the English are the most eager to spend their holidays anywhere but in their own country; they have always been obsessed with a desire for foreign travel. It is probably the clammy unreliability of our own insular climate which urges us to investigate what the Continent has to offer in that line. When we are abroad, since we rarely speak the language, and, furthermore, are nervous of too close contact with the inhabitants for fear of catching some strange disease, we take refuge from our boredom by seeing the sights and subsequently buying picture postcards of them to prove we have not been wasting our time. Whether we really enjoy these experiences it is impossible to say. Judging by the faces one sees going round the Louvre one would say not; judging by the remarks on the picture postcards sent home, never have we previously done anything so delightful. The avowed object of this new series of guide-books is to induce more English to see more sights and send home more picture postcards. It is thought that many hitherto may have been deterred from such adventures by fabulous ideas as to the inevitable expenses to be incurred. Mr. Clark will not accept that excuse any longer from stay-at-homes. For Germany and for France he has mapped out tours for the penurious to enable them to see the "essentials," such as he has selected, of each country for ten gold pounds, i.e., 200 marks and 1,250 francs—this sum not including the return fare to Paris or Cologne. Any attempt to carry out these suggestions to schedule would probably mean a further enforced holiday in an English nursing-home for nervous exhaustion. You must see, for instance, the whole of Paris—*and* enjoy it—the battlefields, the châteaux on the Loire, Normandy and Brittany, in ten days, travelling third class by slow trains, and never spending more than 70 francs a day for board and lodging. No doubt it could be done, but one very much doubts whether anyone could enjoy doing it like that. It is the penalty for being rich to be expected to rush round everywhere at a tremendous pace; the poor must be allowed to be more leisurely, not seeing quite so much but with more time to appreciate what they do see. A fortnight in Berlin on ten pounds, guided by Mr. Clark, would be delightful; but a fortnight rushing from Heligoland to Dresden, and from the Mosel to the Spree would be torture on anything under forty pounds. So we do not recommend anyone to follow the time-tables provided in these little books, but for general information on how to get about an unfamiliar foreign country they will be found invaluable. There is excellent advice on dealing with the three perpetual anxieties—food, drink and lodging—with a special chapter for those who want to taste the night life in Berlin or Paris. The tone adopted is encouraging to beginners and jolly. Guide books have to be encouraging, or we should never start, but they seem to forget that it often rains the day one visits Mont St. Michel or the tide is out.

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AMERICA'S HOPE

Can America Last? By IGNATIUS PHAYRE. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d. net.

To read this book with profit presupposes some knowledge of America. For it is packed with historical and other information presented in rapid disarray and punctuated by a commentary of devastating judgments. The United States is not a country or a nation in the European sense, but a huddle of diverse peoples and races, living on widely sundered levels of civilisation, from the primitive Indians of the South-West and the "poor whites" of the Allepachians to the cultured aristocracy of Boston and Washington. Even, or perhaps especially, in the cities of New England and the East Coast the mixture of European "outcast" settlers precludes any true equality and fraternity, so ruling out the essentials of democracy. Mr. Phayre is no mere book-student. He has travelled widely and observed closely not only the United States but the adjoining lands over which extends the elastic tyranny of the Monroe Doctrine that originated in the mind of Canning. His learning is prodigious and he makes his cases with an array of fact and figure that is irrefutable. But one has a feeling that his judgment is not equal to his learning. While his story of the unrestraint or utter lawlessness of the modern American city with its graft, racketeering, official corruption, unpunished homicide, warrants a formidable indictment of American civilisation, Mr. Phayre does not do justice to certain genuine qualities of sociality and sympathy which should be set against the disintegrating factors in which he specialises. So far as America has succeeded in keeping together, expanding its domains and achieving a precarious prosperity, it has been due partly, he holds, to the wasteful utilisation of huge natural and human resources, partly to luck, and partly to the assumption of autocratic rule in times of emergency. Mr. Phayre is fanatically anti-democratic. He is for Hamilton against Jefferson, for Hoover against Franklin Roosevelt, and his contempt for Wilson is unbounded. Sometimes he strays into the path of wisdom in dealing with such practical issues as the war debts. But "All classes from bankers to gangsters are well aware that Democracy has broken down, and that only the stern Turannos, or Master, can lift the United States out of its rut of ruin and decay" (p. 308). A tyrant who shall make America strong in arms and "array that force beside the Army and Navy of her ancient Motherland" (p. 267). Such is Mr. Phayre's hope for America! J. A. H.

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SHORTER NOTICES

An Atlas of Current Affairs. By J. F. HORRABIN. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

This is a good idea, most efficiently carried out. Once one possesses Mr. Horrabin's Atlas, one wonders how one has lived without it so long. It is obvious that one cannot talk or write sense about the communal question in India, the Hungarian revision problem, the Balkanisation of Eastern Europe, the wars in South America, the Kenya gold-fields, or any current foreign problem without a map, and equally obvious that ordinary detailed maps do not give one any of the information one wants. Mr. Horrabin's are very simple sketch maps which show, *inter alia*, the changes in European frontiers since Versailles, the rival interests in the Near East, the expansion of Japan, the various nationalities, and the dangerous frontiers of Russia, the distribution of communities in India, the ownership and interests at work in Africa and in the Pacific, and the geographical aspect of the negro problem in the United States. Each map is accompanied by a short, uncontroversial historical note.

A Man's Life. By GIDEON MURRAY VISCOUNT ELIBANK. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

The author of these "reminiscences of experience in many lands" (his cumbrous sub-title) lays claim to being, as a Diehard in the post-war Parliament, the first Conservative to strike against the Lloyd George Government. Early in 1922, as the result of his association with the Ulster group, Lord Elibank, then Member for St. Rollux, announced that he would have nothing more to do with the Coalition. Nearly nine months later Mr. Baldwin and the bulk of the party arrived at the same point. Hence it happens that Lord Elibank's two chapters on the events of 1922 make a useful little addition to the party annals of the period, while he is able to contribute one interesting scrap to the inner history of the Jameson Raid. Campbell-Bannerman, not yet leader of the Liberals, got advance news of the Raid from his tailor and passed it on to the Queen. Lord Elibank's record shows what varied opportunities of adventure and public service could come, under the great old system of Empire and business, to a man of family with the right backing, no matter how child-like his mind. New Guinea, Malaya, the Transvaal, the West Indies, Mexico—these and many other regions fell to Lord Elibank's lot. He enjoyed them, of course, and is readable in recalling them. His carelessness in detail is shocking. And how does it happen that the readers of a leading publishing house can fail to correct such dates as those of the American Civil War and the death of Queen Victoria? Lord Elibank could not have heard Woodrow Wilson's Mexican policy condemned by New Yorkers in 1911, for Wilson did not become President until two years later.

The Progress of Science. By J. G. CROWTHER. *Kegan Paul.* 12s. 6d.
Essentials in the Development of Religion. By J. E. TURNER. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Simultaneity of publication is all these books have in common, but their fortuitous conjunction does invite a comparison between science and religion, the development of which they discuss, and between the "goods" they have to offer us in an age of confusion. Dr. Turner from his philosopher's chair gives us an anodyne for our troubles in communion with the "Supreme Self or Supreme Personality," to the embodying forth of which his whole argument trends; and the assurance on unimpeachable philosophic authority that harshness of environment is a potent agent of progress. Mr. Crowther, on the other hand, invites us to increase our knowledge of science so that we may become more impatient of leaders who cannot take a scientific view of human problems. Dr. Turner's study of religion would seem to have everything to commend it to educated men in or about to take Holy Orders, and is indeed as neat a philosophic and scientific analysis of the religious bent in human nature as the religiously minded could desire. But at the moment religion and philosophy will be hard put to it to explain their continued impotence to correct what Hogben, as quoted by Mr. Crowther, calls the "selfishness, apathy and prejudice which prevents intellectually gifted people from understanding the character of the present crisis in civilisation," which, he holds, "is a far greater menace to the survival of culture than the prevalence of mental defect in the technical sense of the term." The chapter on Human Heredity, which Mr. Crowther closes with the above quotation, is probably the best in a book that throughout is a splendidly lucid exposition of recent research and discovery in physics, chemistry and biology. It can be highly recommended to publicists and others engaged in preaching and cultivating scientific method.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

USUALLY the beginning of the opera season is a signal for the issue by the gramophone companies of a whole series of operatic "excerpts" (perhaps the most unpleasant word in the language)—though whether these excerpts encourage one to go or console one for not going is a matter of opinion. So far the only excerpts I have received are a record of the two quartets from *Fidelio* and one of the Polka and Fugue from *Schwanda*.

The *Fidelio* record definitely belongs to the encouraging class. The two quartets make an excellent foil to each other; the first, the calm Italianate "Mir ist so wunderbar," is sung by Berger, Gottlieb, Wittrisch, and Domgraf-Fassbaender—the second, the stormy German "Er sterbe doch er soll erst wissen" is sung by Gottlieb, Ludwig, Domgraf-Fassbaender and Grossman. I cannot pretend that I know this opera well enough to be an authority on the tempi, nor have I heard Sir Thomas Beecham's performance at the time of writing, but the first quartet strikes me as being treated too ponderously for so light a piece of work, while the second (with the famous trumpet call) strikes me as being taken too quick even for so disquieting a situation. The vocal sonority is good, the orchestral recording so-so. It is pleasant to find Mr. Domgraf-Fassbaender in something more civilised than his recent S.A. records (H.M.V. 12in. D B 4417).

The record of *Schwanda*, on the other hand, is of the consoling class. That is to say, those who have not heard the whole work will hardly feel from this extract that they have missed much; presumably the rest of the opera is of a slightly higher standard. The Polka is mildly amusing in a very coarse and obvious way, but there is frankly nothing to be said for the muddy and laborious fugue. (Columbia 12in. L X 293, Sir Hamilton Harty and the L.S.C.).

Were there a duty on either highbrow or lowbrow music, a Customs official would have some difficulty in classing *Schwanda* and, I expect, would be even more puzzled by the records of Reginald Foresythe. Mr. Foresythe, a coloured composer resident in London, describes them generically as the New Music, and his individual titles are also on the pretentious side. They are an attempt to intellectualise the fox-trot and waver between European modernisms and a more genial Ellingtonian strain. But since ordinary foxtrots are already so sophisticated any attempt to intellectualise them brings the music into the highbrow class, and such a piece as *Berceuse for an unwanted child* is merely an unsuccessful example of modern European music. *Angry Jungle*, on the other hand, where the composer, though quietly and neatly dressed, wears the old Ellingtonian tie, has many charming

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moments, particularly in the middle. So has the *Serenade for a Wealthy Widow* on the other side, though in both pieces the composer is inclined to repeat his main material too much. Mr. Foresythe has talent and manages to fall between two stools with a certain grace (Columbia 10in. 675).

The rhythmic monotony and inflexibility of Western music, particularly Western dance music, is always shown up badly by any good Eastern orchestra, and it is a pity that there are so few opportunities of getting hold of the best records of exotic music. It is irritating to have to re-import from abroad at great expense records which have actually been manufactured here. The Parlophone Company, with very commendable enterprise, have now issued an album of twelve double-sided 10in. records of Eastern music, ranging from Egypt to Japan.

Although the title *Music of the Orient* and the cover of the album itself are a little alarming, one is immediately relieved to find a descriptive pamphlet by that eminent authority Dr. Hornbostel, who is presumably responsible for the excellent choice of records. They are vocal for the most part and prominence is given to the music of Java and Bali (which provides one magnificent purely orchestral piece "Lagu Kebiar," No. 15). It is difficult to pick and choose among so many fascinating records and the album as a whole can be recommended to everyone interested in exotic music (Parlophone twelve 10in. in album M O 100–111).

After these records one would expect Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Antar* to sound painfully "fake," but actually it comes out of the test quite well. Less accomplished than *Scheherezade* this work has far greater freshness and vitality—the first two movements are formally weak, but the march is an excellent piece of work and the finale, based on an Arabian theme given to the composer in harmonised form by Dargomizhky, is the best pseudo-Oriental music Rimsky ever wrote. Like the music the playing and recording improve as the work goes on and the last record is most enjoyable. The march is spoiled by a deplorable cut towards the end (H.M.V. three 12in. D B 4887–9. Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire under Piero Coppola).

A large batch of French records, including the Requiem of Fauré, has arrived too late for review and will be dealt with in my next article.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 216

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The Greek Oedipus has just discovered that his name occurs many times in Freud's Lectures and brings an action in the English Courts for libel on the grounds of defamation of character. Write a summary of the final speech for the plaintiff in not more than 500 words. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May .
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 214

Set by Philip Jordan

For good or ill England has just become a republic with strong nationalist tendencies which it feels no obligation to disguise in the new national anthem it has just commissioned from the usual successful mediocrity. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for three verses of that national anthem.

Report by Philip Jordan

I asked for mediocrity, and I got it, so that if the task of judging has been difficult it is my own fault. To lighten it I immediately eliminated all those anthems which even an entirely non-musical person like myself could, by disregarding his prejudices, sing to the tune of "God Save The King," including an excellent one from Lester Ralph. It is unlikely that the tune would be perpetuated if the words went, for by retaining it only those political police with very acute ears could distinguish between a monarchist gathering and a patriotic meeting! No, there would be too much chaos. To the remainder I devoted a great deal more time than I should have done, and, having decided that I would recommend Joshaway for the second prize, simply because his stirring words are not so much a national anthem as the John Brown's Body of the Republic, I was reduced to four: William Bliss, who quite unnecessarily explains that his words "are not quite such drivel as 'Land of Hope and Glory,' but as near as I could get it," Olwen Lawton, Allan Laing and Trevor Lloyd.

Finally I narrowed it down to William Bliss and Allan Laing, whose last verse tempted me sorely to give him the prize.

O bless the soul of England
And keep it pure and true!
Let no foul drain from foreign main
Turn our rich blood to sickly stain:
Preserve us in our English strain
In all we say and do.

It would sound as well at a cup-tie as in a cathedral, but William Bliss so consistently maintained just the "right" note that I must recommend the editor to give him first prize. He doesn't enclose his address, but the editor must surely know it by now!

I should add that a highly musical friend assures me that both the anthem and the marching song could be set to appropriate music.

FIRST PRIZE

For Britain we will fight; her cause is just and right;
What Britain won that Britain still shall hold.
On air and sea and land we'll meet them hand to hand
Who envy us our glory and our gold!

No puppet rules us now; to none the knee we bow;
Each Freeman guides himself, the Ship of State.
Each Briton rules the realm, his hand directs the helm,
And Britain now at last is truly Great!

Chorus: For Britain we will fight—
For Liberty we fought; with blood our Freedom bought;
We swear this oath above our Heroes' graves—
In all the world's despite for Freedom we will fight
We never, never, never will be slaves!

Chorus: For Britain we will fight—

WILLIAM BLISS

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SECOND PRIZE

Red England, O Red England, the day we dreamed of comes!
The barricades of Privilege go down before our drums
As, trembling to the trumpets, the walls of Jericho
Riven in dust and thunder, lay prone in overthrow.

O'er bishops' broken benches, o'er Diehards true to name,
As ev'ry soldier joins us, and Whitehall leaps in flame,
As London's reeling belfries for Revolution chime,
We march with Oswald Mosley, who turned his shirt in time.

A godlike Garibaldi, he heads the crimson ranks,
His bodyguard behind him, his gunmen on the flanks;
Lift up your head, Red England, and hark to his decree,
As with his roaring Redshirts we march to victory!

JOSHAWAY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 71.—THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Five girls took part in an improvised tennis tournament. It was played on the American system, i.e., each girl played one set against each of the others. It was decided that the winner should be the girl who won most sets; but that, should two or more girls win the same number of sets, the winner should be the girl whose total of games won exceeded by the greatest margin her total of games lost. Next would rank the girl with the next greatest margin of games won over games lost; and so on.

The tournament was very even, each girl in the end winning two sets out of the four sets she played. The final placings (on the system above described) were: (1) Juniper, (2) Bramble, (3) Hazel; (4) Willow, (5) Briar. Sixty-four games in all were played.

What was the score in the set in which Willow defeated Bramble?

PROBLEM 69.—THE JONES BOYS

The neatest solution, I think, is the following:

Let the ages of the boys be $x + 1$, x, $x - 1$ years. Then they receive (collectively) in shillings:

$(x + 1)\,x + (x + 1)(x - 1) + x(x - 1) = (3x^2 - 1)$ shillings.

Similarly they received, on the previous occasion, $(3y^2 - 1)$ shillings.

Hence $3x^2 - 3y^2 = 120$

or $(x + y)(x - y) = 40$.

This gives x 11, y 9; or x 7, y 3. Of these solutions the wording of the problem renders the second inadmissible, i.e., *the previous visit was two years ago.*

PROBLEM 68.—CATECHISM

A set of Low's cartoons goes to:
James Conn, 20 Minerva St., Glasgow, C.3.

There were 92 correct and 37 incorrect solutions. *Eight* points are awarded.

PLEBISCITE ON SELECTED PROBLEMS

The order of popularity of the nine selected problems is as follows:

1. Joyville.
2. Confusion at the Rectory.
3. Hot Cross Buns.
4. The League of Nations.
5. Caucus Races.
6. Private Wire.
7. Dudpore.
8. Tangent.
9. Cues.

The "League of Nations" has the largest number of individual votes; but some solvers appear to have found it too complicated for their liking. Otherwise it would head the list easily.

I have decided to send copies of my book of Epigrams to those whose lists approximate most closely to that given above. This seems fairer than an arbitrary decision. The winning lists were sent by:

G. T. Whiteman;
Robert Whitehead;
A. G. Stripp;
Michael Watts.

Two of these gave first place to "Confusion at the Rectory," and two to "The League of Nations."

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the first sender of a correct solution.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

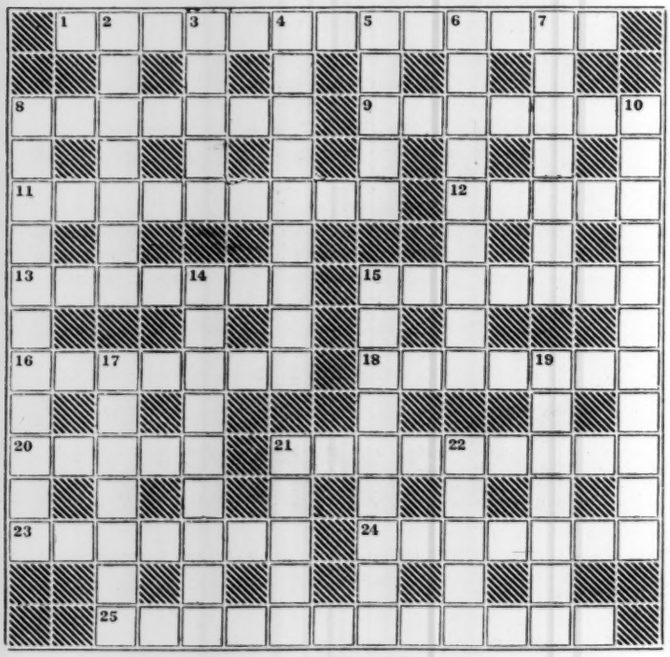
Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 217

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

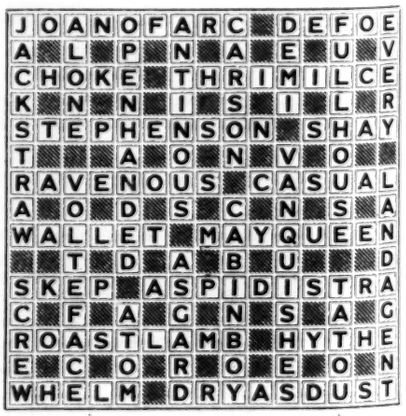
No correct solution of last week's crossword has been received, and no prize therefore is given.

ACROSS.

1. A mule's heels might be its radius.
8. By an old London prison in Surrey.
9. Instrument that holds out a prospect of bottled beer.
11. Woman who must tire and not be tired.
12. By deduction this is dirty.
13. This abbey is no doubt Portland stone.
15. Royal broom.
16. "Like a poor prisoner in his —— gyves."
18. Corrected.
20. 16 Irish turned back.
21. His maxim is obviously "Come in later."
23. Grocer's royalty.
24. First naturally godly, second on the housetop, wholly reversed.
25. Describes Columbus's great adventure.

DOWN.

2. "Now, ——, I have you on the hip."
3. Journalistic weapons with which to smite?
4. Who volunteers advice must expect to be.
5. With 12 first this number is.
6. Quixotic screw.
7. Beast of a queen in the wilds.
8. Place for a cupboard in the servants' hall.
10. Head long, but not dolichocephalically.
14. Divert.
15. Lord Sankey doesn't wear it on his watch chain.
17. Run and sail in a typical English attitude.
19. Contradiction.
21. This creature says it is all round the wrong way.
22. Stony dog.



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All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

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DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.

GLOBE. Biography. Thurs. & Sat.

H'DROME. Mr. Whittington. Th. & Sat.

PALACE. Why Not To-Night. Th. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Mon., Thurs.

PICCADILLY. Counsellor-at-Law. Tu. & Fri.

QUEEN'S. The Old Folks at Home. W. & S.

ROYALTY. The Mask & the Face. Th. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. M. Tu. F.

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DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Mat., Th., Sat., 2.30.
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LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

GLOBE, Shaftesbury Avenue. Gerrard 1592.
Evgs., 8.30. Matinees Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
INA CLAIRE in
BIOGRAPHY.
Produced by NOEL COWARD.

HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272).
Evenings 8.30. Mats., Thurs, Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
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Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, K. Gibson.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT" A New Revue.
Nelson Keys, Greta Nissen, Florence Desmond.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
TEN MINUTE ALIBI,
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PICCADILLY. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Ger. 4506.
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

RUBBER RESTRICTION PROSPECTS—MEXICAN EAGLE—SHELL UNION—CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD

UNLIKE the *Economist*, I cannot believe that a restriction of output scheme is an evil in itself, or that cheapness is good in itself, or that producers of raw materials must be denied the blessings of collective organisation and must always run the gamut of alternating booms and slumps, or that *laissez faire* is divinely ordained. Therefore, I am not shocked by the rubber restriction scheme. Of course, the American consumer will be annoyed, but he cannot complain if foreign producers endeavour to practise the gospel preached by all American Secretaries of State in cases of "burdensome surpluses"—that of "regulation of supply and expansion of the market"—to quote Mr. Cordell Hull. If the rubber producers cannot expand the American market, which is the President's job, they can at any rate regulate the supply. And if they cannot reach the President's ideal of the 1926 price level, which means 4*s.* 6*d.* rubber, they would be grateful for a permanently higher level than the 1933 average of 3¼*d.* per lb. The case for restriction was clearly explained by the Chairman of the Labu (F.M.S.) Rubber Company this week. The current rate of rubber production is about 1,050,000 tons a year, of which native production in the Dutch East Indies accounts for some 180,000 tons. The current rate of consumption is about 900,000 tons. In addition to an estimated surplus output of 150,000 tons this year, stocks, having regard to current consumption, are about 230,000 tons in excess of "normal." The International Regulation Committee will attempt to get rid of these surpluses by restricting output—presumably by about 25 per cent. I hope that the Committee will not keep their eyes too much on the price. No one will ever agree about a fair price for rubber—fortunately the restriction scheme allows for consultation with consumers—but the Chairman of Labu thought that 7*d.* to 8*d.* would be equitable. Others will want more, and speculators will probably drive the price temporarily above its fair level. (It is nearly 7*d.* as compared with a low level this year of 2*d.*) If we may assume that 7*d.* is a probable average, there are companies with costs of production around 2½*d.* per lb. which will make handsome profits even with an output restriction of 25 per cent. I give below a list of shares which are representative. All the companies selected have strong finances :

	All-in Costs. Pence per lb.	Potential Earnings with 7*d.* Rubber and 75% of Maximum Output.*	Price of Shares.	Potential Earnings Yield based on Column 2.
F.M.S. Rubber, £1 ..	2.27†	17.6%	31/3	11.26%
Rembau Jelei, £1	2.91†	9.6%	23/9	8.07%
Sendayan, £1	2.67	11.1	22/6	9.87%
United Sua Betong, £1 ..	2.30†	19.0	53/–	7.18%
United Temiang, 2/– ..	2.48	10.2	2/10½	7.11%

† 1932 costs. * Also allowing for 20% increase in costs.

Potential Yields, it must be confessed, are not exciting. Higher yields on potential earnings can be obtained from the shares of companies whose finances are not strong, such as :

Batang Consol, 2/– ..	2.79†	7.3%	1/3	11.60%
Klabang, £1	2.50†	14.8%	20/–	14.81%

Now that the price of rubber has risen and profits can be made, a strong cash position is not so important. On the whole, I cannot contend that a boom in rubber shares at present prices is justified—unless rubber is to soar above 7d.

* * *

The dispute about the Amatlan titles of the Mexican Eagle Oil Company is of such long standing that it came as a shock to the market to learn that it had been resurrected by the directors as an excuse for the postponement of the first preference share dividends. Six months ago the dividend was paid because the company had no reason to believe that the case would go against them. The postponement of the Mexican Eagle dividends involves the Canadian Eagle preference shareholders in a like trouble, for the two companies mutually guarantee each other's payments. I wonder whether the Mexican Eagle directors in adopting this cautionary policy have been influenced by political developments in Mexico. There are elections in about six months' time and a strongly nationalistic Government is expected. The present Government has already been bitten badly by the bug of economic nationalism. It has introduced a national oil bill authorising the Government to establish an oil company "to assure the supply of the country in general and the needs of the Government and of the National Railways of Mexico in particular." Now, the Mexican Eagle is at present the chief supplier of the oil needs of the Mexican people. Is the national oil company to produce oil, operate pipe lines and refineries and distribute oil products in order to take away the business of the Mexican Eagle? Or is it supplementary? The Bill limits the holding of shares in the new oil company to Mexican nationals. The object of the Bill being to "foment the investment of Mexican capital in the petroleum industry," the application of its provisions must necessarily be anti-foreign. Similar anti-foreign bias is expressed in the Absentees Tax Law, which imposes a tax on the transfer of dividends or rentals outside Mexico. The oil business throughout the world is suffering severely to-day from the covetousness and interferences of politicians. The large distributing oil companies have become the tax-gatherers of needy Governments. If any holder of oil shares wishes to feel safe from Government interference, he should exchange not only from Mexican Eagle, but from the international oil companies (which have most to lose from nationalistic politics) into the shares of producers situated more comfortably than in Mexico. I suggest Venezuelan Oil Concessions, which have just declared their 1933 dividend.

	Price.	1933 Div.	Dividend Yield %.
Venezuelan Oil Concessions	1$\frac{35}{32}$	10%	£5 14 9

* * *

The Shell Union loss for 1933 of 5¼ million dollars and the deficit carried forward of 17 million dollars should not unduly alarm shareholders. It is the earnings for the current year which matter. The first quarter of the year is always the worst, but the Shell Union have been able to show only a negligible loss after allowing for full depletion and depreciation and for interest on funded debt. As compared with a loss of over 9 million dollars in the first quarter of 1933 the loss of only $41,000 in the first quarter of 1934 shows a remarkable recovery. Gross operating revenues in the first quarter of this year were actually 50 per cent. higher. It is not impossible that in the second quarter the company will earn sufficient to pay off the whole of the arrears of the preference stock dividends (5¼ million dollars to December, 1933). Seeing that oil and politics are inseparably connected, it would be wise not to expect a resumption of dividends until Mr. Ickes has carried through Congress his new oil control bill which will give the Federal Government power to enforce restriction in the oil-producing States.

* * *

In commenting a fortnight ago on the pleasing side of the sixth annual report of the Central Electricity Board, I remarked that in the two areas in which the Board had begun to trade (Central Scotland and Mid-East England) income had exceeded expenses. This was not intended to mean that interest requirements had been met. The Board has power for the first five years or more to charge interest against capital account. Some investors are alarmed because the Board's unproductive expenditure, consisting of the costs of loan issues, discounts on stock and capitalised interest had amounted up to the end of 1933 to £6,068,000, apart from £26,700,000 for the construction of the grid and £15,000,000 for the standardisation of frequency (the last item being recoverable from the electricity supply industry). True, this is the unpleasant side of the Board's financial position. I would not be surprised to see the Board later on making application to the Government for a posthumous Treasury guarantee in respect of its unproductive debt. There is no logical reason why the Board should lose its right to a Treasury guarantee. Even if there should be any legal objection the Treasury could hardly deny the equity of such a claim. Indeed, the Government would do well to lay it down, here and now, that it will take over the responsibility of the Board's unproductive debt—if only to cheapen the cost of the Board's future borrowings. It is not the Board's fault that its existing debt is burdensome. It is the fault of the Treasury and the Bank of England which, between them, arranged that the Board's issues should be made when money was relatively dear in order to clear the way for the Government's conversion schemes. The earliest date at which the Board can call any of its expensive loans for redemption is 1950.

COMPANY MEETING

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

The annual general meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on Wednesday at Abercorn Rooms, Great Eastern Hotel, London, E.C.

Mr. Harold J. Morland, M.A., J.P., F.C.A. (the chairman), who presided, said: The new Assurances amounted to £2,025,000, an increase of £502,000 over 1932. Most of this satisfactory total was transacted by the Friends' Provident, as the Century restricts its new assurances mainly to the tables associated with its special continuous disability schemes. For a number of years we have been urging the desirability of supporting to a greater extent whole of life assurances as providing the more adequate protection which is vital to most new entrants. Approximately 65 per cent. of our total business came under this heading in 1933, which was a higher proportion than for many years past. A further feature was the large proportion of policies without profits—about 60 per cent. of the total.

The net rate of interest earned was £4 7s. 9d. per cent., an increase of 5.11d. per cent. over that of 1932. This increase was due solely to the receipt of a dividend on the Century investment. The sum invested in shares of the Century has been increased by £300,000, and now stands at one million pounds. The board has been giving close consideration to the financial equipment of the Century, with the view to bringing this more into accord with the growth of our organisation in the past few years, and to fit it for further development. Accordingly, a further issue of 50,000 shares of £1 each, fully paid, has been subscribed at the price of £6 per share, increasing the paid-up capital to £400,000, and the premium of £250,000 has been constituted as a general reserve.

Mr. R. H. Marsh, F.C.A., seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

COMPANY MEETING

ODHAMS PRESS

STEADY GROWTH OF PROFITS

The FOURTEENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Odhams Press, Limited, was held on Tuesday last in London.

Mr. J. S. ELIAS (chairman and managing director), after paying a tribute to Mr. W. J. B. Odhams, who had retired from the chair, said (in part): The net profit of the company, which, after providing for depreciation and other charges, amounted to £332,464, as against £292,197 for the year 1932. The issued share capital showed an increase of £377,618, due almost entirely to the issue early in the year of further "A" Preference shares, including £44,965 bonus shares issued to the old "A" Preference shareholders as compensation for the reduction of 1 per cent. in their rate of dividend. Another important adjustment was the conversion of the company's Debenture stocks into one issue bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent., as against 6½ per cent. and 7 per cent. then existing.

The general reserve had been increased by £15,035, which represented the balance of £60,000 put to reserve last year after providing for the "A" Preference shares issued as bonus. They proposed to restore that amount out of the profits of the year now under review, making the general reserve £320,000.

The profit for the year 1933 of £332,464, together with the balance of £80,302 brought forward from the previous year, made a total sum available to be dealt with of £412,766. The dividends on the Preference shares and the interim dividend on the Ordinary shares had absorbed £98,742. After the payment of directors' and management share of profits according to contracts, and writing off the expenses of the issues of the Preference shares and the Debenture stock, there was a net balance of £201,000. The directors recommended the payment of a final dividend of 10 per cent., making a total of 15 per cent. for the year, and the transfer to reserve of £44,965, leaving a balance of £81,035 to be carried forward.

The trading turnover of the business and its subsidiaries during the year was in excess of £8,500,000; the total wages and salaries paid directly by the company and its subsidiaries during the year had amounted to nearly £2,000,000.

The progress of *The Daily Herald* had been continued, and it had to-day a net sale of 2,000,000, the largest of any daily paper in the world. The *People* now had a net sale of over 3,250,000 copies per issue, and the net sales of *John Bull* had been steadily maintained in excess of 1,500,000 copies per issue. The technical and trade publications were in a satisfactory position, and the printing department continued to be fully employed. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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By Dr. MARGARET LOWENFELD, Dr. ETHEL DUKES, Miss M. B. HALLOWES and Dr. ALAN MABERLY at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1., on Wednesdays, May 30th, June 6th, 13th and 20th, at 6.15 and 8.15 p.m.
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